

FINDEN'S
ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LIFE AND WORKS
OF
L O R D B Y R O N.

WITH ORIGINAL AND SELECTED INFORMATION ON THE
SUBJECTS OF THE ENGRAVINGS

BY
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LONDON.
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LIST OF PLATES.

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Drawn by</i>	<i>From a Sketch by</i>
LORD BYRON, AT THE AGE OF 17	FROM A PORTRAIT BY SAUNDERS.	
ABERDEEN	W. PURSER.	
HARROW	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	
EARL OF CLARE ..	FROM A DRAWING.	
NEWSTEAD ABBEY	W. WESTALL, A.R.A. C. FELLOWES, Esq.	
WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.	(ORIGINAL PICTURI.)	
MADRID ..	J. F. LEWIS.	
SEVILLE, THE GIRALDA ..	J. F. LEWIS.	
SARAGOZA ..	J. F. LEWIS.	
GRENADE ..	J. F. LEWIS.	
SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, BART. WIVELL.		
SULI'S ROCKS	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A. DR. HOLLAND.	
CEPHALONIA	J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. W. PAGE.	
NEGROPONT	J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	
CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE PERA HILL	E. T. PARRIS.	CAPTAIN ROBERTS.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.	FROM A PICTURE BY SIR T. LAWRENCE, P.R.A.	
THE PARTHENON	W. PAGE.	
THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS, AT ATHENS.	W. PAGE.	
CORINTH	G. CATTERMOLE.	W. PAGE
SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.	SIR T. LAWRENCE, P.R.A.	
SAINT MARK'S, VENICE.	S. PROUT.	
THE RIALTO, VENICE.	S. PROUT.	
ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D...	T. PHILLIPS, R.A.	
PADUA	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	
VERONA	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	
ANCONA	S. PROUT.	
RAVENNA, DANIL'S TOMB	S. PROUT.	

LIST OF PLATES.

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Drawn by</i>	<i>From a Sketch by</i>
THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.. . .	E. T. PARRIS.	
FALLS OF TERNI.....	J. D. HARDING.	
PONTE ROTTO, ROME..... . . .	J. D. HARDING.	
PANTHEON, ROME.....	C. BARRY.	
S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.	WIVELL.	
TEMPLE OF VESTA, TIVOLI.....	J. D. HARDING.	
FRASCATI	J. D. HARDING.	MRS. CALCOTT.
LICENZA	J. D. HARDING.	
M. G. LEWIS, Esq.	HARLOWE.	
THE HAGUE	T. S. COOPER.	
INTERLACHEN.....	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
GRINDENWALD	T. S. COOPER.	
LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOL- } STEIN	FROM A PORTRAIT BY GERARD.	
MISSOLONGHI		W. PURSER.
ROME, (VIGNETTE)..... . . .	J. D. HARDING.	

L O R D B Y R O N

AT THE AGE OF 17.

From a Portrait painted by Saunders.

MR. D'ISRAELI, in his preface to the "Literary Character," says of Lord Byron :

" This man of genius was a moral phenomenon, which vanished at the moment when, by its indications, a change was silently operating on the most ductile and versatile of human minds. I consider, that had he lived the complete development of his powerful capacity, the elevation of his generous temper, in a word, the perfect formation of his character, would have been the necessary consequence of his nature. They who, while they ascribe his imperfections to a deficient education, and consider at the same time that this alleged cause was a bar against all perfection, only shew that they are not entitled to speculate upon the philosophy of the human mind.

" The man who, independent of a constant struggle after intellectual truth, perceptible in all his writings, had the power twice completely to revolutionise his principles of taste and his style of composition, and at

LORD BYRON.

each great change attained greater excellence—this man can only be classed among the very highest and most capable intellects. The culture of Lord Byron was imperfect, but it could only have been perfected by his own solitary exertions; and that this perfection would have been consummated, is to me not a matter of doubt.

“ If the mind of Byron were disorganised and unsettled, so also was it searching and inquisitive. His opinions, indeed, were already greatly changed—his self-knowledge much increased—his knowledge of nature much more just—his knowledge of mankind much more profound. Already had he discovered that misanthropy is impossible, and that that sublime selfism, which would exist without the sympathies of life, only gratifies our vanity without satisfying our feelings. Another step, and he would have discovered that virtue is a reality, and happiness a positive existence. He would have found that the hum of human cities is not torture, that society is not a peopled desert, and that this world is only a place of strife and agony to those who are hostile, and, therefore, agonised.

“ For his own fame he lived long enough; for society he died too soon. With all their errors, the works of Byron have elevated the character of his countrymen. Let us hope that that which he has left

LORD BYRON.

unperformed will not remain unfinished, and that the rising race, over whom he has had so powerful an influence, will not be left amidst a moral darkness and disorganisation a thousand times more fearful than the material darkness and disorganisation which he has so finely described. He has taught our youth to think: they must now be taught to think justly. He has taught them to feel: they must now learn to feel virtuously. In the pride of his eloquence the poet has proved the strength of human intellect, even when he has cursed, rather than deplored, its weakness. We must shew that there is no strength where there is no order; and that that existence, the objects of which were to him a source of doubt or dissatisfaction, is neither doubtful nor unsatisfactory, when, in the study of our nature, we become acquainted with its wants and its capacity."

Moore, in his "Life of Lord Byron," has sketched with great truth and power his constitutional peculiarities, as well as their influence upon the important events of his life—events of common occurrence to common minds, but assailing his, produced those overwhelming bursts of indignation and of retribution, and that intense effervescence of a withering heart, which demanded the world's commiseration and sympathy.

"Had he been," says his friend and biographer, "of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures

LORD BYRON.

from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind, rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasure which he felt in painting himself unamiably to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had, half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself.

“ Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that any other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him—furnished as was his mind with reserves of strength, waiting to be called out—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate re-action which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such an excitement

LORD BYRON.

have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever lively present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left, undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening and, perhaps, humbling influences on his spirit. But—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius—no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were every where heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give a still bolder and loftier range to its powers.

“ It was, indeed, not without truth, said of him by Goethe, that he was inspired by the Genius of Pain ; for, from the first to the last of his agitated career, every fresh recruitment of his faculties was imbibed from that bitter source. His chief incentive, when a boy, to distinction, was, as we have seen, that mark of deformity on his person, by an acute sense of which he was first stung into the ambition of being great.* As,

* “ In one of his letters to Mr. Hunt, he declares it to be his own opinion, that ‘ an addiction to poetry is very generally the result of

LORD BYRON.

with an evident reference to his own fate, he himself describes the feeling—

“ Deformity is daring.

It is its essence to o’ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal —
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature’s avarice at first.”

The Deformed Transformed.

“ Then came the disappointment of his youthful passion,—the lassitude and remorse of premature excess,—the lone friendlessness of his entrance into life, and the ruthless assault upon his first literary efforts,—all links in that chain of trials, errors, and sufferings, by which his great mind was gradually and painfully drawn out;—all bearing their respective shares in accomplishing that destiny which seems to have decreed that the triumphal march of his genius should be over the waste and ruins of his heart. He appeared, indeed, himself to have had an instinctive consciousness that it was out of such ordeals his strength and glory

“ an uneasy mind in an uneasy body;” disease or deformity,’ he adds, ‘ have been the attendants of many of our best. Collins mad—Chatterton, *I think*, mad—Cowper mad—Pope crooked—Milton blind,’ &c. &c.”

LORD BYRON.

were to arise, as his whole life was passed in courting agitation and difficulties; and whenever the scenes around him were too tame to furnish such excitement, he flew to fancy or memory for ‘thorns’ whereon to ‘lean his breast.’

“ But the greatest of his trials, as well as triumphs, was yet to come. The last stage of this painful, though glorious, course, in which fresh power was, at every step, wrung from out his soul, was that at which we are now arrived, his marriage and its results,—without which, dear as was the price paid by him in peace and character, his career would have been incomplete, and the world still left in ignorance of the full compass of his genius. It is, indeed, worthy of remark, that it was not till his domestic circumstances began to darken around him, that his fancy, which had long been idle, again rose upon the wing—both ‘The Siege of Corinth’ and ‘Parasina’ having been produced but a short time before the separation. How conscious he was, too, that the turmoil which followed was the true element of his restless spirit, may be collected from several passages of his letters at that period, in one of which he even mentions that his health had become all the better for the conflict:—‘ It is odd,’ he says, ‘ but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and sets me up for the time.’

“ This buoyancy it was—this irrepressible spring

LORD BYRON.

of mind, that now enabled him to bear up not only against the assaults of others, but, what was still more difficult, against his own thoughts and feelings. The muster of all his mental resources, to which, in self-defence, he had been driven, but opened to him the yet undreamed extent and capacity of his powers, and inspired him with a proud confidence that he should yet shine down these calumnious mists, convert censure to wonder, and compel even those who could not approve to admire."

Ten years have passed away since the mortal pilgrimage of *Childe Harold* closed, and he bequeathed to the world his undying name, to be perpetually associated with the literature of his country.

The biography of Lord Byron, and sketches of his character, have been again and again written—by his friends, to guard his memory against the misrepresentation of ignorance and envy; and by his enemies, to darken a fame which, raised immeasurably above their attainment, might yet be obscured by the smoke of that foul incense which hypocrisy burns in its sacrifices to prejudice: but this Time dissipates. Time, which makes man just to his fellows, has already begun to render justice to the memory of Byron;—not that his errors are less distinct as moral landmarks, but that these are not alone pointed out in his character. It is now perceived that he had also virtues, which his

LORD BYRON.

detractors would do well to imitate. Thousands who before they read his works joined in the yell of execration against him as a literary monster, now recant the prejudice, and see the greater monster in his calumniators. They see the dishonesty of the endeavour to identify Byron with the characters he has written, and his opinions with the language they utter, without admitting that it would be as just to pronounce Milton his own Satan, Gesner personified in his Cain, and that the great and good “Ariosto of the North” expressed his own opinions when he wrote those of Henbane Dwinning. Such an independent writer as Byron was sure to create enemies. All whose pretences he unmasked, or whose darling vices he exposed, and who had, even when his attacks were general, felt their particular justice—all such hypocrites hated him.

Whatever may have been the noble poet’s errors—and they were legion—hypocrisy was not one of them. If he had had but a tithe of the average proportion among men of that most common and convenient vice, his faults would have appeared venial, or remained unknown or uncommented upon; but “all the cants of this canting world” have been poured out upon him by the unprincipled and the prejudiced. Patriotism has been denied to him,—because he detested party. It has been denied that he had any sense of moral obligation,—because he did not conceal its occasional

LORD BYRON.

derelictions ; but who that can lay claim to half the number of such good and moral actions as are recorded in his Life by Moore, will cast the first stone at him ? He has been called, too, a man without religion—a man without sect he may have been, but could he be without religion who wrote the following lines ?

“ Father of Light, on Thee I call !
Thou see’st my soul is dark within ;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow’s fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

Shall man confine his Maker’s sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?
Thy temple is the face of day ;
Earth, ocean, heaven, Thy boundless throne.

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire ?

Thou who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, canst take me hence ;
Ah ! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call !
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall —
In thy protection I confide.

LORD BYRON.

If, when this dust to dust 's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing !

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past ;
And hope, my God, to Thee again
This erring life may fly at last."

Twenty years after writing the above, he said to Dr. Kennedy, " Devotion is the affection of the heart, and that I feel; for when I view the wonders of the creation, I bow to the majesty of heaven ; and when I feel the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me."

Was it said that Byron had no religion, because he thought that a prayer of the heart, offered to the Almighty under the canopy of heaven, was as efficacious as when repeated, according to act of parliament, in a temple ?

" Ay, there's the rub."

He had boldness enough to avow so dangerous an opinion as this, though it is held by thousands who conceal it : towards him, however, pardon would have been impolicy ; and there is no subject upon which the presumption of man prompts him to rush so impiously

LORD BYRON.

to judgment as upon the *opinions* of his fellows—opinions which God alone can truly know.

“ Ye narrow souls, take heed
How ye restrain the mercy you will need !”

Byron is now gone to that account where his actions and his thoughts will be judged, not by his weak and erring fellow-men, who, when they arraigned him, forgot the great Christian precept of charity, but by One “ who knoweth all hearts,” and who is the only source of mercy.

“ Peace to his manes ; may his spirit find that rest in eternity it was a stranger to here !”

ROME.

VIGNETTE.

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding.

“ But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana’s marvel was a cell—
Christ’s mighty shrme above his martyr’s tomb !
I have beheld the Ephesian’s miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness.

* * * * *

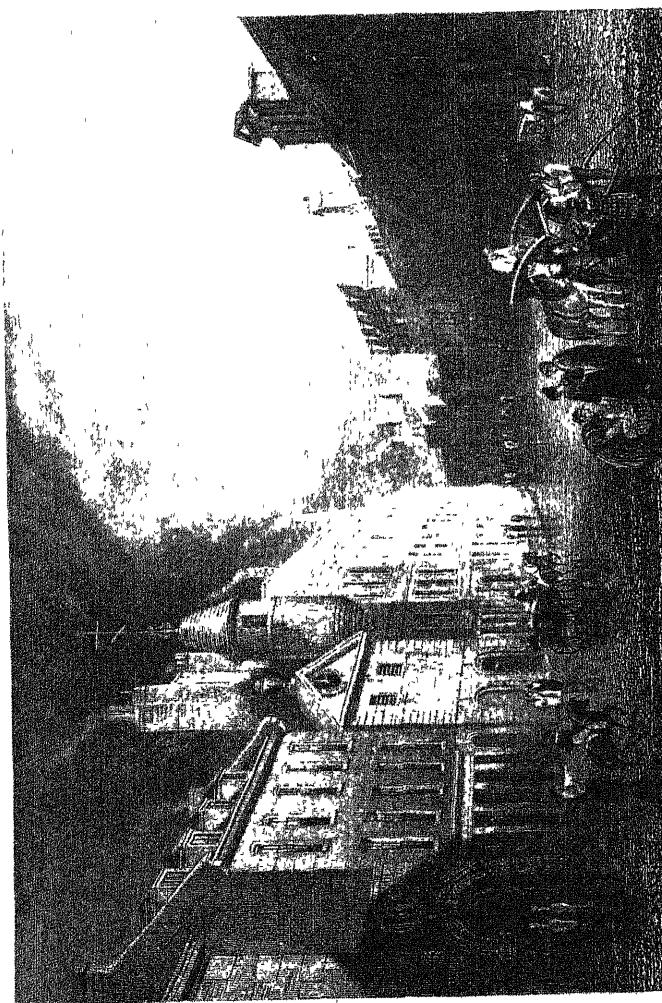
But thou, of altars old or temples new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion’s desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship.”

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 153, 154. —

THIS view of St. Peter’s is taken from the gardens above the Borgo di S. Spirito, whence the enormous mass of this stupendous structure is seen to great

ROME.

advantage, and where the objects in the immediate vicinity of the spectator relieve the eye from the mere lines of the temple itself, without lessening the vastness of their effect. The view may almost be connected with that of Rome in the frontispiece, Vol. II. of these Illustrations; for St. Peter's would thus appear from nearly the same spot whence that view of Rome, with the Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo, was taken.



ABERDEEN.

From a Drawing by W. Purser.

“ As ‘ auld langsyne’ brings Scotland, one and all —
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue bells and clear
streams —
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie’s brig’s *black wall* —
All my boy’s feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo’s offspring ; — floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine :
I care not — ‘tis a glimpse of ‘ auld langsyne.’ ”

Don Juan, canto x. st. 18.

“ The brig of Don, near the ‘ auld toun’ of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon-stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother’s side. The saying, as recollect ed by me, was this ; but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age :

“ Brig of Balgounie, *black’s your wa’*,
Wi’ a wife’s *ae son* and a mear’s *ae foul*
Doun ye shall fa ! ”

It was in the year 1790, when Byron was two years old, that his mother took up her residence in Aberdeen,

ABERDEEN.

where his earliest years were spent, except in the summers of 1796 and 97, when, for the benefit of Byron's health, his mother went with him into the Highlands, and lived at a farm-house at Ballater, about forty miles up the Dee above Aberdeen; but this town may be considered his place of residence from the year 1790 to the summer of 1798; when he left Scotland, in his eleventh year, with his mother, to take possession of Newstead Abbey, which, together with the title of Lord Byron, had devolved upon him at the death of his great-uncle.

Boasting as he did that he was “half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one,” he cherished through life a recollection of the early scenes in which he had been brought up. “To meet with an Aberdonian,” says Moore, “was, at all times, a delight to him; and when the late Mr. Scott, who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice in the year 1819, and talking of the haunts of his childhood, one of the places he particularly mentioned was Wallace-nook, a spot where there is a rude statue of the Scottish chief still standing. From first to last, indeed, these recollections of the country of his youth never forsook him. In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the kilts and hardy forms of the Albanese—all, as he says, ‘carried him back to Morven,’ and in his last fatal expedition, the dress which he chiefly

ABERDEEN.

wore at Cephalonia was a tartan jacket." "There is on the part of the people of Aberdeen—who consider him almost as their fellow-townsman—a correspondent warmth of affection for his memory and name. The various houses where he resided in his youth are pointed out to the traveller: to have seen him but once is a recollection boasted of with pride; and the brig of Don, beautiful in itself, is invested, by his mere mention of it, with an additional charm."

The recollection of the early days of Byron have been carefully collected, and anecdotes of his childhood obtained from all who could relate them, and form an interesting portion of his life by Moore. "When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day school at Aberdeen, taught by Mr. Bowers, and remained there, with some interruptions, during a twelve-month, as appears by the following extract from the Day-book of the school:—‘ George Gordon Byron, 19th November, 1792.—19th of November, 1793,—paid one guinea.’—Lord Byron, in one of his MS. journals, mentions his first master, who, he says, ‘ was called ‘*Bodsy* Bowers,’ by reason of his dapperness. He subsequently passed under the care of two other preceptors—a clergyman named Ross, and a young man called Paterson, and continued with the latter until he entered the grammar-school of Aberdeen.” The following information, as immediately descriptive of the view in

ABERDEEN.

these “Illustrations,” was furnished by a gentleman, a schoolfellow of Byron at Dr. Glenie’s, one, who from early association with him there, felt a deep interest in all that related to him, and who has visited the scenes of the boyhood of Byron with the enthusiasm of a pilgrim.

“I am very familiar with the subject you have sent me, though it is not taken from one of my sketches. It is a view of Broad Street, or Broad Gate, as it is called by some of the older inhabitants of Aberdeen. Gate, you are aware, perhaps, is the old Scotch for *street*, or *way*. In the latter acceptation it was used formerly in English; for Chaucer says, in the ‘Romant of the Rose,’ that ‘ reason went her gate;’ and so the Scotch still say, ‘Gang your gate,’ ‘Ye’ll no gang that gate,’ &c. To this day they have in Aberdeen the Gallowgate, where was the ancient place of public execution; and the upper and nether Kirkgate. I can vouch for the accuracy of the present view, being well acquainted with almost every window in it, from having myself taken a sketch of the same street, only looking up it instead of down. The first floor (or flat, as it is called in Scotland,) of the house on which the bright light is thrown, (and which, by the by, is in itself brighter than its neighbours, being built of freestone, whereas they are of granite), was occupied by Mrs. Byron; whilst her son, previous to his entering the

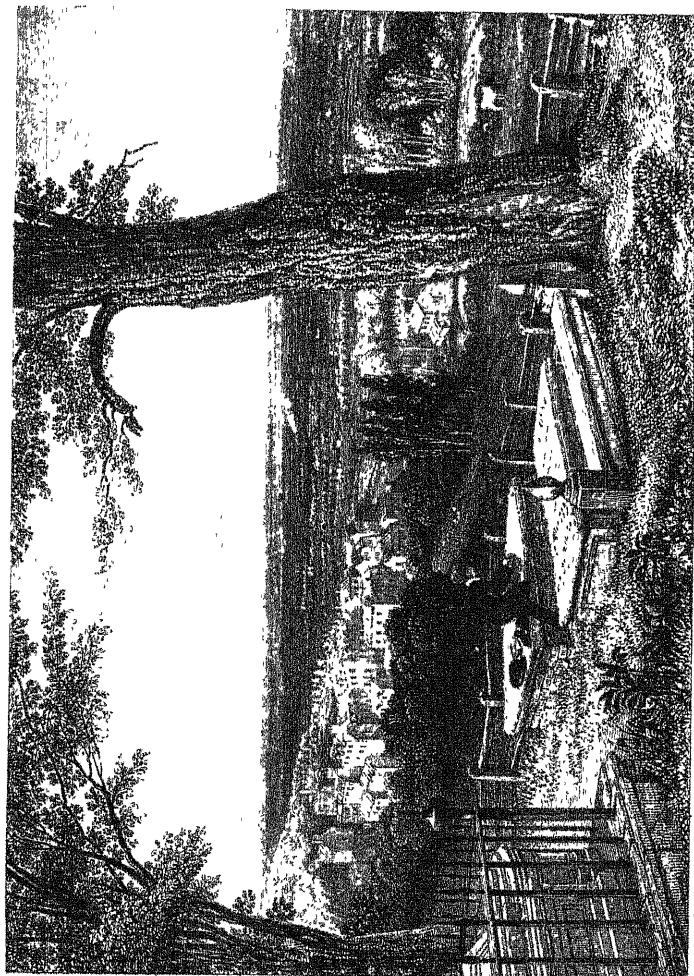
ABERDEEN.

grammar-school, attended Bodsy Bowers' day-school in Long Acre, a narrow street, which meets the Broad Gate at right angles, and is entered through a small archway immediately beyond the house in question. Moore has, I believe, explained *Bodsy* as the dapper pedagogue. He was, I understand, a worthy man; and his son, a most excellent person, is now minister of Mary Culter, formerly my grandfather's parish. The old and picturesque building, with the round watch-tower in its angle—an appendage by no means uncommon in houses of a certain date and of some pretension in Aberdeen—is now used as a printing-office; that with the clock in the pediment is the conduit-house, which supplies a large portion of the town with water; and the archway, in which two figures are placed, is the entrance to the school in Mareschal College. I again repeat, that I can give you nothing to connect Byron with the subject beyond what you may find in Moore's Life. Moore, no doubt, raked up every straw which could be found connected with him upon the field of his early exploits. As to the town of Aberdeen itself, (or city, as it is called by courtesy,) it is not romantic enough, either in its situation or from association, to become the subject of much interesting remark. It is a bustling, flourishing place. Its linen and cotton manufactories are on a large scale; and the busy appearance of the quay, with the constant

ABERDEEN.

arrival and sailing of vessels, many of them of considerable tonnage, give evidence of an extensive commerce. Indeed, the great improvement and increase of the town within the last half century, are proofs of prosperous industry. It has now some handsome streets, and the houses of the more wealthy inhabitants are spacious and elegant: but though extremely substantial, there is a dulness in the external appearance of the buildings, arising both from the gray colour of the granite and the almost total want of ornament—the natural result of having to deal with so stubborn a material. As a seminary of learning, Mareschal College still retains its celebrity. It may well cherish with pride the memory of such men as Dr. Campbell and Dr. Beattie.

“ You will understand, that nothing I have said applies in the least to Old Aberdeen, a pretty village, (for it is little more), about a mile from the town, containing the university of King’s College, and part of the ancient cathedral, both very interesting buildings, whilst the banks of the Don are exquisitely beautiful and romantic.”



HARROW.

From a Drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

“ Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past ;
Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed, too romantic to last ;

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied !

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought ;
The school where, loud warned by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay ;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.”

*Lines on a distant View of Harrow —
Hours of Idleness.*

AFTER having been for two years under the care
and instruction of Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich Grove,

HARROW.

Byron was removed to Harrow when he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. It was long before he became reconciled to the change ; but the kind and judicious management of Dr. Drury, and the friendships which he began to form there, at length made him feel as strong an attachment to Harrow as he ever felt for any spot upon earth. Of the kindness of Dr. Drury he ever retained the most grateful remembrance. The doctor studied his character, and soon found, to use his own expressions, that “ a wild mountain colt had been submitted to his management ; but there was mind in his eye. His manner and temper soon convinced me that he might be led with a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable. On that principle I acted.”

At Harrow Byron was soon distinguished for his truant, daring, and often mischievous character ; “ always,” as he says himself, “ cricketing, rebelling, and *rowing*, and in all manner of mischief.” “ The general character,” says Moore, “ which he bore among the masters at Harrow, was that of an idle boy, who would never learn any thing ; and as far as it regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was, by his own avowal, not ill-founded.” “ At Harrow I fought my way very fairly,” says Byron in one of his manuscript journals ; “ I lost but one battle out of seven, and that was to H—— ; and the rascal did not win it but by the

unfair treatment of his own boarding-house, where we boxed—I had not even a second. I never forgave him; and I should be very sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan, Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Joelyn; but we were always friendly afterwards. I was a most *unpopular* boy, but *led* latterly; and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been very sorry ever since. Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too,) friend I ever had; and I look upon him still as a father.” And again, in a note to the fourth canto of “Childe Harold,” he says: “My preceptor was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.”

There was one favourite spot of Byron’s at Harrow, which will, in all probability, be very long asso-

HARROW.

ciated with his name. A tomb in the churchyard, whence a beautiful view is commanded over the intermediate country to Windsor, was his favourite resting-place. This the boys now call “Byron’s Tomb;” and “here,” says Moore, “notwithstanding those general habits of play and idleness, which might seem to indicate a certain absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thoughtfully within himself, and give way to moods of musing uncongenial with the usual cheerfulness of his age. Here he used to sit for hours wrapt up in thought, and brooding lonely over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally, perhaps, indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote those remarkable lines:—

‘ My epitaph shall be my name alone :
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay ;
That, only that, shall single out the spot—
By that remembered, or with that forgot.’”

Nearly twenty years after, when he wished the remains of his natural daughter Allegra to be deposited at Harrow, in the letter which contains his request to Mr. Murray, that he would have the kindness to give

HARROW.

the necessary directions for the interment, he writes: “There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church.”

So strong, at last, had become the poet’s attachment to Harrow, where, as he records in a note to the fourth canto of “Childe Harold,” the happiest part of his life was passed, that, on his leaving it for the University of Cambridge, which occurred in October 1806, he writes: “When I first went up to college, it was a new and a heavy-hearted scene for me. I so much disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and a half; but then I liked it.” During his stay there, many men, who have risen into political and literary distinction, were his schoolfellows; but when they are forgotten, and almost every other person’s name whose education has been associated with that establishment, shall have passed away, Byron’s will be remembered.

The Free Grammar School at Harrow ranks as one of the greatest schools of England, for the learned

HARROW.

reputation of its masters, and the distinction which its scholars have obtained in the world. Its founder was John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of Preston, in the parish of Harrow. He obtained, in the fourteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, an especial license for perpetuating his benevolence by this foundation for gratuitous instruction. From a small beginning it has grown to its present celebrity; but not without some contests on the part of the parishioners for the recovery of what they consider an exclusive right, the education of the poor children of Harrow only. It was strongly put by the Master of the Rolls, before whom the investigation of the subject took place, “Would the parish itself gain by the conversion of this distinguished seminary of learning into a mere parish-school?” The result of the inquiry, however, confirmed the present government and its regulations.—The greatest number of scholars that ever was upon the establishment at the same time was in 1804, when Dr. Drury had under him 353 students, of whom one was Byron.



Clare.

EARL OF CLARE.

From a Drawing.

ONE of the strongest attachments of friendship Lord Byron ever formed was with his old schoolfellow at Harrow, Lord Clare; and though in his moodier hours he distrusted that he had a friend, and sometimes did his own feelings the dishonour to fancy that he had no such predilections left, or that their traces had been lost or obscured in his severe struggles with society, yet these were shewn, with much feeling and affection, upon the occasion of his accidentally meeting with Lord Clare in Italy, after many years of separation, and not long before Byron's last journey to Greece.

In Byron's Diary (1821) he says: “ Of all I have ever known, Clare has always been the least altered in every thing, from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me so strongly to him at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak of personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance.”

EARL OF CLARE.

“ I never,” again he says, “ hear the word ‘ *Clare*,’ without a beating of the heart even *now*; and I write it with the feelings of 1803, 4, 5, *ad infinitum*.” One of the poems in “ Hours of Idleness” is addressed to Lord Clare, beginning :

“ Friend of my youth ! when young we roved,
Like striplings mutually beloved
With friendship’s purest glow,
The bliss which wing’d those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.”

After Lord Byron’s death nearly all the notes and letters ever addressed to him by his schoolfellows and favourites were found carefully preserved among his papers. Upon one of them was indorsed, “ This, and another letter, were written at Harrow by my *then*, and I hope *ever*, beloved friend, Lord Clare, when we were both schoolboys ; and sent to my study in consequence of some *childish* misunderstanding — the only one which ever arose between us. It was of short duration ; and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that we may smile over the recollection of the insignificance of our first and last quarrel.” This amiable letter of Lord Clare’s is published in the first volume of his “ Life and Works,” p. 73.

EARL OF CLARE.

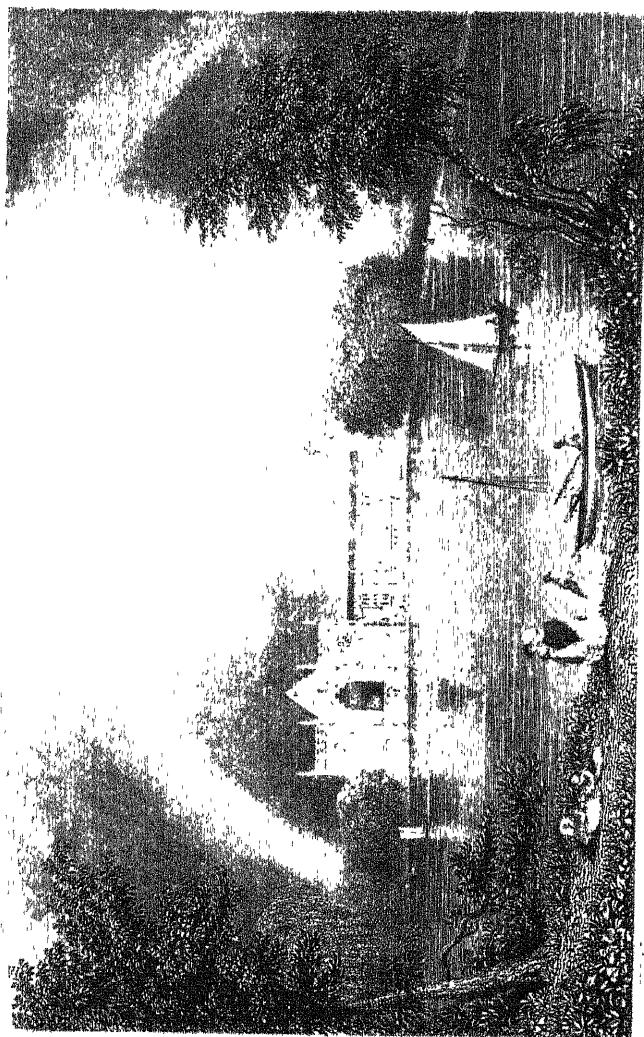
How powerfully those feelings of regard for Lord Clare were cherished by Byron, he has thus recorded in his “*Detached Thoughts*:”—“ I met him in the road between Imola and Bologna, after not having met for eight or nine years. This meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of *Harrow*. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare, too, was much agitated—more in *appearance* than myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers’ ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. We were obliged to part for our different journeys—he for Roine, I for Pisa—but with the promise to meet again in the spring. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them.”

They met again. In a letter to Mr. Moore, dated Leghorn, June 8th, 1822, he says: “ A few days ago my earliest and dearest friend, Lord Clare, came over from Geneva on purpose to see me before he returned to England. As I have always loved him (since I was thirteen, at Harrow,) better than any (*male*) thing in the world, I need hardly say what a melancholy pleasure it was to see him for a *day* only; for he was obliged to resume his journey immediately.” It is to this visit that the Countess of Guiccioli adverts when she says,

EARL OF CLARE.

in a letter to Mr. Moore, that “ Lord Clare’s visit occasioned him extreme delight. He had a great affection for Lord Clare, and was very happy during the short visit that he paid him at Leghorn. The day on which they separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron. ‘ I have a presentiment that I shall never see him more,’ he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy came over him during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare’s departure, whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend.”

Lord Clare, the friend of Byron, is at present Governor of Bombay. His father, to whose title he succeeded in 1802, was for nearly twelve years Lord Chancellor of Ireland.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A., from a Sketch by Charles Fellows, Esq.

“ Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is thine !”

“ THE Priory of Newstead, or *de novo loco* in Sherwood, (says the editor of Murray’s complete edition of “ Byron’s Life and Works,”) was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., and dedicated to God and the Virgin. It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, it was added, with the lands adjoining, to the other possessions of the Byron family.”

Lord Byron has rapidly sketched some of the names and deeds of his ancestors, in the “ Lines on leaving Newstead Abbey,” published in his “ Hours of Idleness ;” but their names and deeds will be forgotten in the surpassing greatness of the last Byron to whom it belonged.

Shortly after the death of his great uncle, the fifth lord, in 1798, young Byron took possession of the seat of his ancestors ; but when he was removed to Dr. Glennie’s school, and subsequently to Harrow, for his

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

education, Newstead was let to Lord Grey de Ruthven, whilst Mrs. Byron took up her residence in lodgings at Nottingham. Lord Byron, from his strong attachment to Newstead, spent as much of his vacation-time there as possible ; and his friendship with the noble tenant obtained for him the privilege of a room in the Abbey whenever he chose to avail himself of it. Here, from its proximity to Annesley, his early intercourse with the family of Miss Chaworth led to that attachment and disappointment which had so much influence upon his future life and character. When he subsequently resided at Newstead, he made it a scene of thoughtless revelry with the companions he brought there : his limited means and extravagant habits soon made him feel severely the inadequacy of his fortune to his expenses. Early in 1808 he wrote to his friend Mr. Becher, almost with indifference, of his probable disposal of Newstead, though, in the following spring, in a letter to his mother, he says, “ What you say is all very true ; come what may, *Newstead* and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot ; I have fixed my heart upon it ; and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations ; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey, the first fortune in the country, I would

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score ; Mr. H. talks like a man of business upon the subject. I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead."

It is seen, however, in Moore's Life, that his embarrassments drove him to the disposal of it. "Early in 1812," says Mr. Dallas, "he told me that he was urged by his man of business, and that Newstead *must* be sold." It was brought to the hammer at Garraway's, but not at that time disposed of, only 90,000*l.* being offered for it. It was afterwards privately bought by a Mr. Claughten. "You have heard that Newstead is sold," says Byron to a friend ; "the sum is 140,000*l.*, sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well ; so my worldly matters are mending." The purchase was not, however, in this case completed, and seems to have involved him in much perplexity ; for, more than twelve months after, he writes in his Journal, "I wonder when that Newstead business will be finished. It cost me more than words to part with it—and to *have* parted with it ! what matters it what I do ? or what becomes of me ? But let me remember Job's saying, and console myself with being a living man." Again, some months after, he says, in a letter to Mr. Murray, dated from Newstead, "You will be happy to hear that I have established my title-deeds as

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

marketable, and that the purchaser has succumbed to the terms, and fulfils them, or is to fulfil them forthwith. He is now here, and we go on very amicably together—one in each *wing* of the Abbey. Mrs. Leigh [his sister] is with me, much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to which not even the price can reconcile her.” Two years, however, had passed away, and the purchaser not having been able or willing to complete the agreement, forfeited 25,000*l.*, and the expenses which had been incurred.

The extravagance, greatly exceeding his means, into which Lord Byron launched after his marriage, led to the most harassing pecuniary difficulties; and after his separation from Lady Byron, and last departure from England, the sale of Newstead Abbey was finally effected for 94,500*l.*, as he mentions to Mr. Murray, in a letter dated Feb. 20, 1818.

But, what Stratford is to Shakspeare, Newstead will be to Byron; every thing associated with his memory is already cherished there. “Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the Abbey during Lord Gray de Ruthven’s residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed; hence his lines ‘To an Oak at Newstead Abbey.’ Shortly after Colonel Wildman,

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, ‘Here is a fine young oak ; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.’ ‘I hope not, sir,’ replied the man ; ‘for it is the one my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.’ The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after as ‘THE BYRON OAK,’ and promises to share, in after-times, the celebrity of Shakspeare’s Mulberry-tree and Pope’s Willow.”

Lord Byron has beautifully described Newstead Abbey in the thirteenth canto of “Don Juan;” and in those exquisite lines to Mrs. Leigh, written in 1816, from Diodati, beginning — “My sister ! my sweet sister !” he thus recalls Newstead :

“ I did remind thee of our own dear lake
By the old hall, which may be mine no more.
Leman’s is fair ; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* and *those* can fade these eyes before.”

The following sketch of Newstead is copied from a letter by Charles Skinner Mathews, the college friend of Byron, and one of his visitors at the Abbey : —

“ Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London, — four on this side Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

antiquity, that I should think there must be a description, and perhaps a picture of it, in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries ; but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly fallen to decay, it is still completely an *abbey*; and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so ; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the Abbey church only one end remains ; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the Abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room, seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth ; but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present lord has lately fitted up.

“ The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded with bleak and barren hills, with scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead ; for the late lord being at enmity

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

with his son, to whom the estate was secured by entail, resolved, out of spite to the same, that the estate should descend to him in as miserable a plight as he could possibly reduce it to; for which cause he took no care of the mansion, and fell to lopping every tree he could lay his hands on so furiously, that he reduced immense tracts of woodland country to the desolate state I have just described. However, his son died before him, so that all his rage was thrown away.

“ So much for the place concerning which I have thrown together these few particulars, meaning my account to be, like the place itself, without any order or connexion.”

Newstead formed part of the forest of Sherwood. To this circumstance Allan Cunningham alludes in the following extracts from his lines to Newstead Abbey, in the “ Anniversary.”

“ Less joyous, but far smoother times
Have passed o'er Newstead since her tree
Shook its green branches to the rhymes
Of Robin's minstrelsie.

A soul of other stamp hath woken
His song beneath the Outlaw's Oak;
One nobly born and proudly bred
Hath here the mirth and revel led.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

One, like bold Robin, proud and kind,
 Of daring thought and generous mind ;
For wild of life, untamed of mood,
 Was Byron, so was Robin Hood.

* * * * *

To jolly Robin yet belongs
 Enough of joy, enough of mirth,
Of social tales, and saucy songs,
 To keep his name on earth.

But to his great successor, more
 Was given than this ; for he had store
Of lofty thought, and lordly scorn,
 For meanness high or humbly born.

* * * * *

O noble Byron ! thou hadst light,
 Pure as yon sun, and warm as bright ;
But thou hadst darkness deeper far
 Than winter night that knows no star.
I glory in thee ; yet I weep
For thy stern moods, and early sleep.

* * * * *

O ! hadst thou writ of brother men
 With milder mood and soberer pen ;
Nor poured thy scorching spirit proud
 O'er them, like lightning from a cloud,
I could, beneath thy favourite tree,
Have blessed — done all but worship thee.''



With regards
W. E. Fife

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

From the original Picture in the Possession of Mr. Murray.

WHEN Byron began his career in the world of letters, Gifford was one of the most distinguished among the literati, and as a critic the most eminent. With profound respect for his judgment and his talents, Byron asks, in “ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers :”

“ Why slumbers Gifford ? once was asked in vain :
Why slumbers Gifford ? let us ask again :
Are there no follies for his pen to purge ?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge ?
Are there no sins for satire’s bard to greet ?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street ?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution’s path,
And ’scape alike the law’s and muse’s wrath ?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime ?
Arouse thee, Gifford ! be thy promise claim’d,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.”

This appeal was made just before Mr. Gifford became the editor of the “ Quarterly Review,” which thenceforth occupied nearly all his time.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Whilst the author of Byron's satire was a mystery, Cawthorn, the bookseller, had asked Gifford, who frequented his shop, if it was his. Mr. Gifford denied all knowledge of the author, but spoke very highly of it, and said a copy had been sent to him.

When, after Byron's return from Greece, he had determined on the appearance of the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," Mr. Murray, who had undertaken to publish them, expressed a wish to shew the MS. to Mr. Gifford. Lord Byron immediately wrote to Mr. Murray to prevent this, and said, "Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride, or whatever you may please to call it, will admit. Mr. Gifford is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal Reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will, therefore, retain the manuscript in your own care; or, if it must needs be shewn, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve—at all events, not by extortion, and the humble solicitations of a bandied-about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong." His lordship's letter, however, came too

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

late, and his high and honourable spirit had to submit to the vexatious *contre-temps*. Mr. Dallas reported to him that Mr. Gifford had already seen it; and added, “ Of your satire he spoke highly; but this poem (‘ Childe Harold’) he pronounced not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age.” He replied to Mr. Dallas: “ As Gifford has ever been my ‘ magnus Apollo,’ any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than ‘ all Bokara’s vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand.’ But I am sorry the MS. was shewn to him in such a manner.” Again: “ I am not at all pleased with Murray for shewing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating,—the devil!—the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to *Payne’s* neck when he jumped into the Paddington canal; and so tell him.”

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Thus connected with Mr. Murray as his publisher, it soon led to a personal acquaintance with Mr. Gifford ; and it appears, from a fragment that remains to us of an answer to a letter which that gentleman had written to Lord Byron, that his advice had been given to his lordship upon those important points in his writings and his character upon which the world had already commented with greater severity, but less justice. The answer to this letter was enclosed in the following note to Mr. Murray :—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Will you forward the enclosed answer to the kindest letter I ever received in my life ; my sense of which I can neither express to Mr. Gifford, nor to any one else.

“ Ever yours.”

“ TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

June 18, 1813.

“ I feel greatly at a loss how to write to you at all, still more to thank you as I ought. If you knew the veneration with which I have ever regarded you, long before I had the most distant prospect of becoming your acquaintance, literary or personal, my embarrassment would not surprise you.

“ Any suggestion of yours, even were it conveyed

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

in the less tender shape of the text of the ‘ Baviad,’ or a Monk Mason note in ‘ Massinger,’ would have been obeyed ; I should have endeavoured to improve myself by your censure : judge, then, if I should be less willing to profit by your kindness. It is not for me to bandy compliments with my elders and my betters : I receive your approbation with gratitude, and will not return my brass for your gold by expressing more fully those sentiments of admiration, which, however sincere, would, I know, be unwelcome.

“ To your advice on religious topics I shall equally attend. Perhaps the best way will be by avoiding them altogether. The already published objectionable passages have been much commented upon, but certainly have been rather strongly interpreted. I am no bigot to infidelity, and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and *our world*, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be overrated.

“ This, and being early disgusted with a Calvinistic Scotch school, where I was cudgelled to church for the first ten years of my life, afflicted me with this malady ; for, after all, it is I believe a disease of the mind as much as other kinds of hypochondria.”

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Numerous subsequent passages in his “Life” by Moore, shew his deep respect and regard for Mr. Gifford. “Report,” he says, “my best acknowledgments to him in any words that may best express how truly his kindness obliges me.” Again, in defying the critical coterie at Mr. Murray’s, he says, “I care for none of you except Gifford; and he won’t abuse me except I deserve it, which will at least reconcile me to his justice.”

When Lord Byron left England, it appears that Mr. Gifford kindly undertook, at his lordship’s request, to correct the press for him during his absence. Upon one occasion, when the “Siege of Corinth” was preparing for the press, Mr. Hobhouse had some quarrel with the “Quarterly.” “Now,” says Lord Byron, “he and I are friends of many years; I have many obligations to him, and he none to me which have not been cancelled, and more than repaid; but Mr. Gifford and I are friends also, and he has moreover been literally so, through thick and thin, in despite of difference of years, morals, habits, and even *politics*.”

Byron’s ready consent to alterations in his MS. when proposed by Mr. Gifford, is shewn in many instances in Moore’s Life. Upon some suggestions on “Manfred,” Byron says, “I am glad indeed you have sent me Mr. Gifford’s opinions, without *deduction*. Do you suppose me such a booby as not to be very much obliged to him? or, that I was not, and am not, convinced and

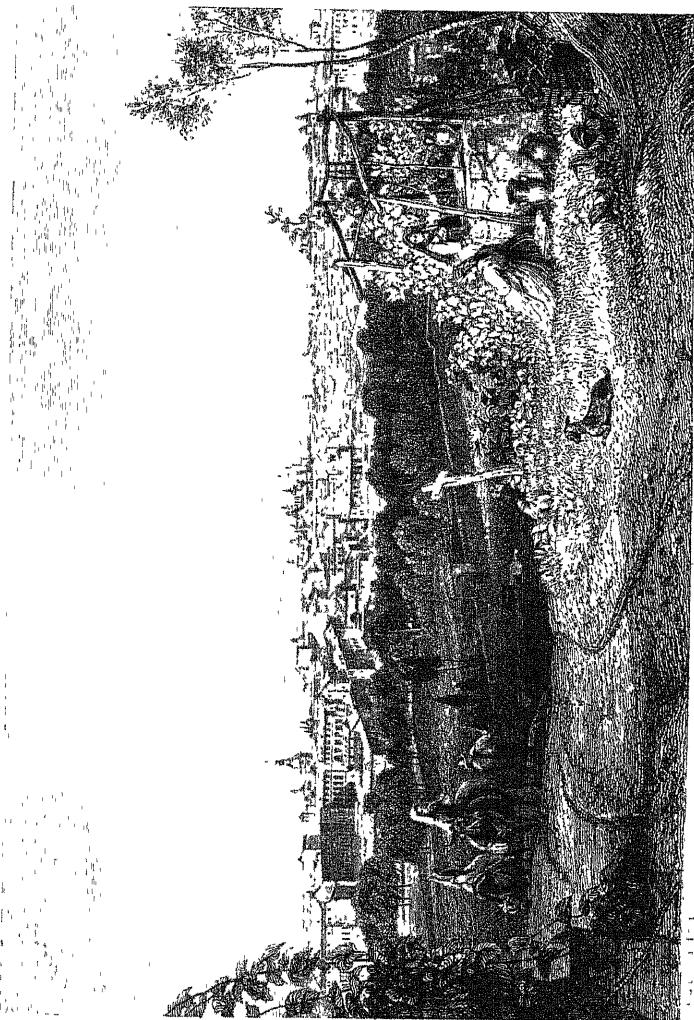
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

convicted in my conscience of this same overt act of nonsense." But in his "Cain," having found that he had brought a nest of hornets about him, he frankly desires Mr. Murray to say that "both *he*, and *Mr. Gifford*, and Mr. Hobhouse, remonstrated against the publication." His deep respect for, and gratitude to, Mr. Gifford continued while he lived. Within little more than a month before his death, he wrote to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird an indignant denial of having written a satire upon his excellent friend. "It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could, or should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his prodigal son." And to Mr. Murray he writes from Missolonghi, Feb. 22, 1824, "I have heard from Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, that you state a report of a satire on Mr. Gifford having arrived from Italy, *said* to be written by me! but that *you* do not believe it. I dare-say you do not, nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind on Gifford, lies in his throat."

Mr. Gifford's life and character afford one of the finest examples on record of the irresistible power of principle and perseverance. Few boys possessed of such mind and feelings ever had to contend with such adverses of fortune: that he was an orphan, a charity-boy, and an apprentice to a humble occupation, were

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

constant checks to that self-education, which, in spite of every obstacle, ultimately placed him in a situation to receive higher attainments, and raised him to the honourable distinction of being acknowledged “a giant in literature, in criticism, in polities, and in morals; and an ornament and an honour to his country and the age in which he lived.”



MADRID.

From a Drawing by J. F. Lat... .

“ OUR first view of Madrid was extremely imposing. It offered a compact mass, crowned every where with countless domes of temples and palaces, upon which the setting sun sent his rays obliquely, and which conveyed, in a high degree, the idea of magnificence and splendour. Nor was this effect diminished as we advanced ; for the cupolas first seen grew into greater pre-eminence, while others at each instant rose above the confusion.”

“ The neighbouring country is of a very irregular surface, and broken into an infinite succession of misshapen hills, so that although there are nearly two hundred villages in the vicinity of the capital, not more than four or five can ever be discovered at once. The soil is of a dry and barren nature, producing nothing but wheat, which yields only ten for one, but which is very sweet, and of excellent quality. Madrid has no immediate environs, no country-seats of the rich inhabitants, none of those delightful little colonies which are usually found clustering round the walls of a great

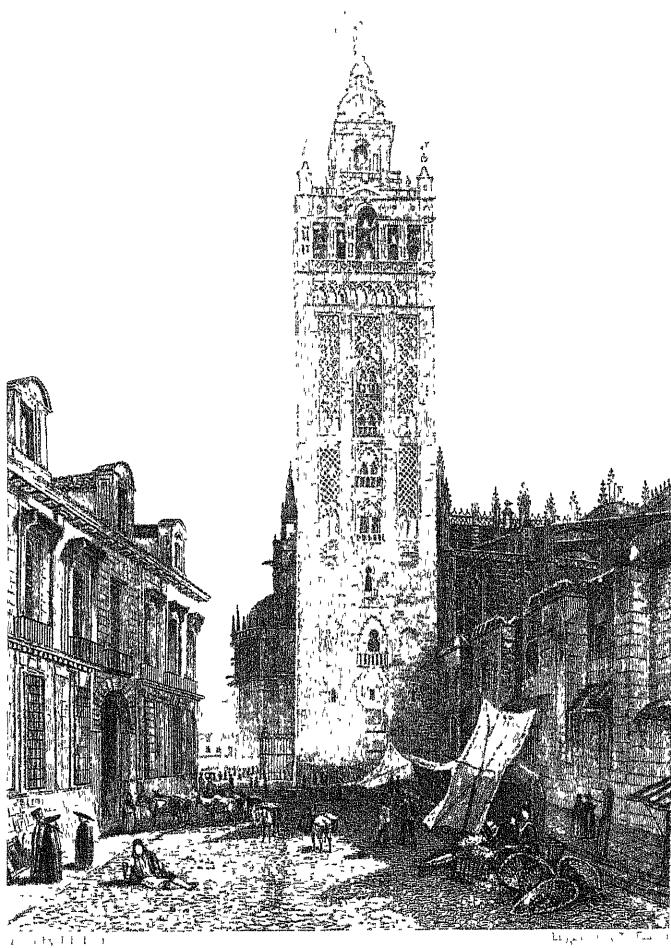
MADRID.

city, and which combine the convenience of a town residence with the enjoyments of rural life. If you wander a hundred yards from the gates of Madrid, you seem to have taken leave of civilisation and the haunts of men; nor are there any forests or orchards to make up for the absence of inhabitants, if indeed you except the valley of the Manzanares, and to the east a few scattering olive-trees, as sad and gloomy in appearance as their owners, the monkish inmates of San Geronimo and Atocha."—*A Year in Spain*.

The first mention of Madrid is not earlier than the tenth century, 250 years after the Moorish invasion: it was then a Moorish town, named Magerit; and it is remarkable that it should have become the capital of a kingdom in which so many celebrated cities, Roman and Moorish, have existed, and continue in importance.

The very great elevation of Madrid above the level of the sea, 2000 feet, or nearly twice that of Geneva, makes it, during winter, in spite of its latitude, extremely cold.

Situated as Madrid is, almost in a plain, it is difficult to obtain a good general view of the city. That which Mr. Lewis has supplied is taken from one of the most favourable spots whence it can be seen from without.



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$U_1 \cup U_2 \cup U_3$

SEVILLE.

THE GIRALDA.

Drawn by J. F. Lewis.

“ Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 65.

AN adventure which Byron met with at Seville, which, says Moore, is characteristic both of the country and of himself, is thus described in a letter to Mrs. Byron.

“ We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character ; and the eldest a fine woman, the younger pretty, but not so good a figure as *Donna Josepha*. The freedom of manner which is general here astonished me not a little ; and in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very par-

SEVILLE.

ticular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, ‘Adios, tu hermosa! — me gusto mucho!’ ‘Adieu, you pretty fellow! — you please me much!’ She offered me a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English ‘amante’ (lover); and added, that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army.”

His summary, however, of Spanish female character is a reproach to the nation. “The women of Seville are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman, added to the most becoming dress, and at the same time the most decent in the world. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant—the wife of a peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess.”

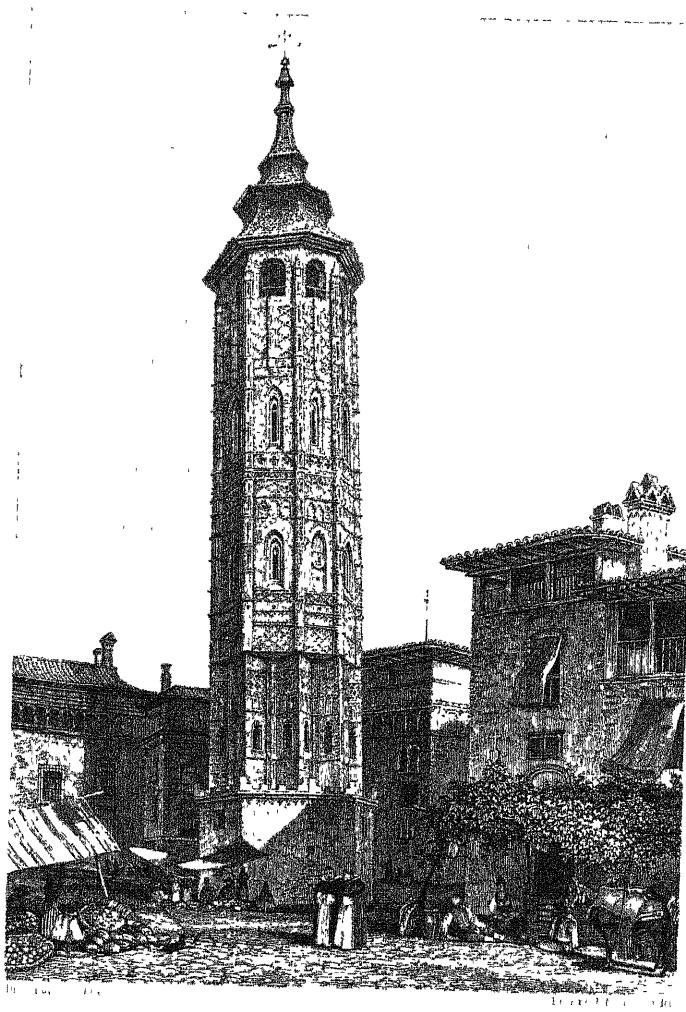
Of the Moorish structures, for which Seville is celebrated, one of the most remarkable is the subject of the engraving—the Tower of the Cathedral—which was anciently the minaret of the most celebrated mosque in

SEVILLE.

Spain ; the upper part was added after the expulsion of the Moors, though one of the conditions upon which the city was surrendered was, that the tower should be taken down, to avoid desecration by the Christians. It was esteemed by the Moors the most beautiful tower attached to any of their places of worship : it was raised by the same architect who built the celebrated minaret of the Grand Mosque at Morocco. The ascent to the summit, by an inclined plane, is so capacious, that the former queen of the late King Ferdinand, of Spain, ascended on a mule.

The wall on the right, in the view, forms the back of the library, which was bequeathed to the cathedral by the son of Columbus. He (the son) is buried in the nave opposite the grand entrance. In this celebrated library, Washington Irving principally made his researches among the MSS. and early books for the history of Columbus. The building on the left in the view is the Archiepiscopal Palace.

There are at present 220 churches and monasteries in Seville. Of its extent under the Romans, to whom it was known as Hispalis, some idea may be formed from the statement, that the ancient aqueduct was supported upon 300 arches, and that the city now boasts of containing, among its Roman remains, more than 80,000 columns within its walls.



THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF S. MIGUEL, CORDOBA.

SARAGOZA.

From a Drawing by J. F. Lewis.

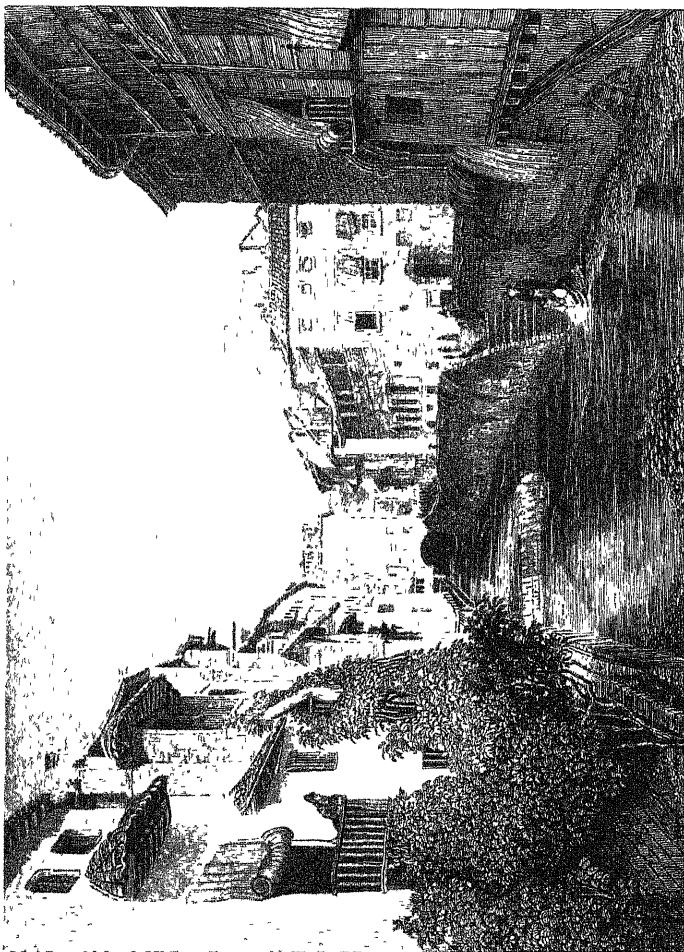
“ IN the Plaza de San Felipe,” says Locker, in his “ Views in Spain,” “ stands a very singular building, used as a belfry, called El Torre Nuevo,—a name now somewhat inappropriate, as it was erected so long ago as the year 1594. It leans in a fearful manner towards a church on the other side of the street, but has hitherto betrayed no further tokens of slipping from its foundations, having stood unmoved upwards of two centuries. It is built of brick, curiously ornamented, and has a flight of 280 steps leading to the top.

“ At first sight of this curious edifice, the question ‘ How came it so?’ instantly occurred to us; but we found it not so easy to obtain a solution, for the critics of Saragoza seem as much divided in opinion as those of Pisa; and though their tower is not so old by four centuries, the cause of its declination is involved in equal perplexity. It is not improbable that the foundation may have sunk during its erection, and that the architect carried up the remainder of his work as a triumph of his art, counterbalancing the inferior side in order to prevent the fabric from oversetting, in the

SARAGOZA.

same manner as the antiquaries profess to have discovered in the construction of the Pisan tower."

It does not appear to have struck the disputants about leaning towers, that the silence of history upon such structures is a proof that they did not lean when they were built, but have gradually *settled*, owing to an imperfect foundation, to their present inclination; and this unequal settlement and consequent leaning has been so slow as not to have been perceived until long after the completion of the building, and, therefore, when it commenced or stopped was too uncertain to record. That such imperfect and dangerous structures should have been *purposely* raised, as some have conjectured—or, that, during their building, if a settlement and leaning had been perceived, the architects would have had the folly to go on—*to shew their skill*—or that those who employed them would still spend their money upon a dangerous or falling structure, since no one could tell to what extent it would lean before the settlement should support it,—are conjectures too absurd to entertain. Here is a building, little more than three hundred years old—within the time that records of such public works have been kept—yet no mention is made of its commencement or completion in this state; it is therefore obvious to common sense, that such buildings as the leaning towers of Saragoza, of Bologna, and of Pisa, have leaned from the partial settlement of their foundations, since their completion.



GRENADE.

From a Drawing by J. F. Lewis.

GRENADE is the scene of the “ very mournful ballad on the siege and conquest of Alhama,” inserted in the 10th volume of the “ Life and Works of Lord Byron.”

This view is on the river Daro, looking up from the Ponte del Carbon. In the distance on the right is seen the watch-tower of the Alhambra, which commanded the town: on the left, overhanging the river, are the backs of the houses of the Zacatin, where, after Boabdil had delivered up the city, the tradespeople still fought for two days, and defended themselves from house to house.



9 - 170

1800

J. C. Claiborne

SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, BART.

From a Drawing by Wivell.

“ Moschus ! with whom once more I hope to sit
And smile at folly, if we can’t at wit;
Yes, fiend ! for thee I’ll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift’s motto, ‘ Vive la bagatelle !’
Which charmed our days in each Ægean clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Soothe thy life’s scenes, nor leave thee in the last ;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato’s bed,
Some merry manuscript of mimes when dead.”

Hints from Horace.

UNDER the name of Moschus, Byron apostrophises Mr. Hobhouse, who was the fellow-collegian, the travelling companion, the brideman, the constant friend, and, finally, the executor of his will.

In 1809, the two friends left London for Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey. The results to the world were Byron’s two first cantos of his immortal work, “ Childe Harold,” and Hobhouse’s two volumes, “ A Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey,

SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

in Europe and Asia." After his return to England, their friendship was so intimate, that Mr. Hobhouse accompanied him to Seaham as his brideman, upon his ill-fated marriage; and when, after his separation from Lady Byron, he left England, the friends made an excursion together in the Oberland Bernois, and visited those scenes which are so wonderfully recorded in *Manfred*. "In the weather for this tour (of thirteen days)," says Byron in his diary, "I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. Hobhouse)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world."

In October, they took their departure together from Diodati, near Geneva, for Italy, by the way of the Simplon to Venice. The result was the fourth canto, the completion of "*Childe Harold*" by the noble poet, and the advantage of his friend's most able and classical illustrations in a volume separately published, which contains more antiquarian research and lucid exposition of the subjects within the range of his inquiry, than is perhaps to be found any where else in our own or any other language. To this Lord Byron bears testimony in one of his letters to Mr. Murray,

SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

wherein he says—"The notes (to the fourth canto of Childe Harold) are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr. Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable, and who, I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon."

Some quarrel had taken place between the "Quarterly Review" and his friend, to which Byron drolly adverts in a letter to Mr. Murray—"Your new canto has expanded into 167 stanzas. It will be long, you see; and as for the notes by Hobhouse, I suspect they will be of the heroic size. You must keep H—— in good humour, for he is devilish touchy yet about your Review and all which it inherits, including the editor, the Admiralty, and its bookseller. I used to think that *I* was a good deal of an author in *amour propre* and *noli me tangere*; but these prose fellows are worst, after all, about their little comforts."

Mr. Hobhouse was very desirous of drawing Byron from Italy, and forcing him back to England; and "deeply," says Moore, "is it for many reasons to be regretted that this friendly purpose did not succeed." During his absence, however, his friend was of essential service to him in the management of his affairs; and, in fact, in writing to Mr. Murray, he desires that negotiations in matters of business may pass through the medium of Mr. Hobhouse, "as '*alter ego*,' and

SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

tantamount to myself, during my absence—or presence.” Nor was Mr. Hobhouse wanting in records of his estimation of Byron; for, “ in describing a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, he regrets the absence of a companion, ‘ who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger.’ ”

But the highest testimony to their friendship is found in the dedication of the fourth canto of “ Childe Harold,” just before they parted for the last time in Italy, of which the following portion may most pardonably be inserted here.

“ MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

“ After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than — though not ungrateful — I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,— to one whom

SIR JOHN CAM HOBIHOUSE.

I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness, and kind in my sorrow ; glad in my prosperity, and firm in my adversity ; true in counsel, and trusty in peril,— to a friend often tried, and never found wanting ; — to yourself.

“ In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth ; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years’ intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery ; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship ; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemmorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have

SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

experienced, and no one could experience, without thinking better of his species and of himself. * * *

“ Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state ; and repeat once more how truly I am ever,

“ Your obliged

“ And affectionate friend,

“ BYRON.”



SULI'S ROCKS.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by Dr. Holland.

“ Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania’s hills,
Dark Suli’s rocks, and Pindus’ inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dim and purple streak—
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer.
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak—
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

— + — + — + —

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli’s angry shore,
When all around was desolate and dark ;
To land was perilous—to sojourn, more ;
Yet for a while the mariners forebore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk.

— + — + — + —

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,
Led them o’er rocks and past the dangerous swamp—
Kinder than polished slaves, though not so bland—
And piled the hearth—and wrung their garments damp,

SULI'S ROCKS.

And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare — though homely, all they had :
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp —
To rest the weary, and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad."

Childe Harold, canto i.

THE adventures of Lord Byron and his companions among the savage inhabitants of the Suliote mountains, which border upon the rocky shores of Epirus, is described with great energy in some of his letters; and Mr. Hobhouse, in his account of their journey, confirms all the wildness of their adventures in the country from Tepaleen to the Morea, through Acarnania and Etolia.

The subject of the view is "the seraglio of Suli," which, says Dr. Holland, in his "Travels in Albania in 1812-13," "is included within the area of the great fortress recently erected by Ali Pasha. In architecture it is much the same as other Turkish buildings; in situation it is scarcely perhaps to be paralleled. From the great gallery you look down a precipice, not much less, probably, than a thousand feet in height, into the dark waters of the river below, which, so seen, is a fit representative of the ancient Acheron. On every side is scenery of the wildest and most extraordinary nature, with a disorderly magnificence about it, which forms perhaps its most striking peculiarity. The

SULI'S ROCKS.

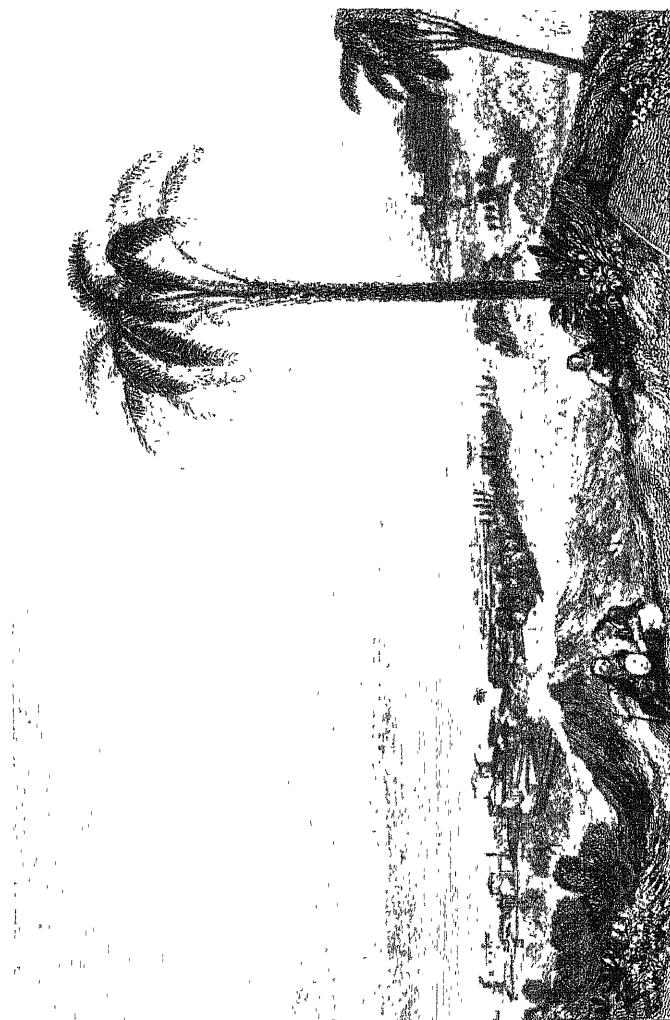
mountains and precipices, all on the greatest scale, are thrown confusedly around, as if some other agency than the slow working of nature had operated to produce these effects. The eye, looking generally over the scene, is perplexed at first by its vastness and intricacy, and requires sometimes to select the objects on which to repose. Towards the south, and over the peaked summits which environ the seraglio, is seen the long chasm-like channel of the Acheron; beyond it, the country stretching down to the gulf of Arta, the gulf itself, and the mountains of Acarnania in the distance. To the west you look down precipices intersected by deep ravines, to that point in the river where, receiving the stream of Zagouri from the north, it turns over to the west, and continuing its course for some way between cliffs of immense height, makes a sudden exit from its confined channel to the wide and fertile plains of Paramithia. The remains of several of the Suliote villages appear at intervals among the cliffs, which border on these deep valleys."

“ The mountain on which the fortresses of Suli have been erected, has a singular semilunar form, terminating at the summit in a ridge so narrow as barely to admit a narrow path leading from one fortress to another. Of the buildings in this situation, only the fortress of the seraglio is fortified with cannon, some pieces of which I observed to be of English manu-

SULI'S ROCKS.

facture. Two other edifices are inhabited by Albanian soldiers; and the fourth, placed on the highest pinnacle to the north of the seraglio, has never yet been completed. Having been twice struck by lightning, a superstitious belief has arisen that it is impossible to erect any building upon this spot; and the work has been discontinued. Between this pinnacle and the seraglio, an immense ravine descends from the summit of the ridge, so nearly perpendicular, that a fragment of rock thrown down may be heard after a long interval plunging into the waters of the river below. From one of the precipices impending over this ravine, it is related that the Suliote women threw their children, when the contest for their liberty had come to an end. To such a spot, the epithet given by Aristophanes—*Αχεροντιος σκοτειλος αιματοσταγης*—‘*the rock of Acheron dropping blood*,’ may be well applied.”

“ Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli,” says Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of “*Childe Harold*,” “withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years: the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.”



CEPHALONIA.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

CEPHALONIA was the first Greek island towards which Lord Byron steered his course, in the glorious and fatal expedition to which he had devoted himself. Knowing how vilely his character and conduct had been misrepresented to his countrymen, and what treatment he had elsewhere met with from them, in consequence of such misrepresentation,—he was reluctant to encounter the numbers of English who at that time resided in the island, at Argostoli. They, on the other hand, having heard of his misanthropy and horror of his countrymen, expected only contempt and coldness from him. A few moments effaced every unjust impression: their meeting was frank, manly, and cordial; and whilst he removed, by his cheerful affability, their prejudices, his own heart warmed to the welcome, which gratified and sensibly touched him.

Here began his operations in the Greek war of independence; but here, too, many of his dreams of the glories which awaited the regeneration of Greece were dissipated. The jealousies and selfishness of the

CEPHALONIA.

chiefs disgusted him. After remaining six weeks in the vessel which brought him to Argostoli, he took up his abode in the retired village of Metaxata, about seven miles from Argostoli, and awaited more favourable moments for effectual service. Owing to the state of parties, his stay in Cephalonia was nearly five months.

Some of his letters to the Countess Guiccioli, written from Cephalonia, mark his disappointment in the character of the people in aid of whose struggles for liberty he had devoted himself. “I was a fool to come here,” he says; “but being here, I must see what is to be done.” “We are still in Cephalonia, waiting for news of a more accurate description; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. I shall fill the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy; for it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them: at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will be at present.” “Of the Greeks I can’t say much good hitherto; and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another.” “There is nothing very attractive here to divide my attention; but I must attend to the Greek cause, both from honour and inclination.”

It was during his residence in Cephalonia, that

CEPHALONIA.

those interesting conversations with Dr. Kennedy occurred; which few can read without respecting the sincerity of his inquiries, though they may regret that he could not avow a belief as extensive as their own.

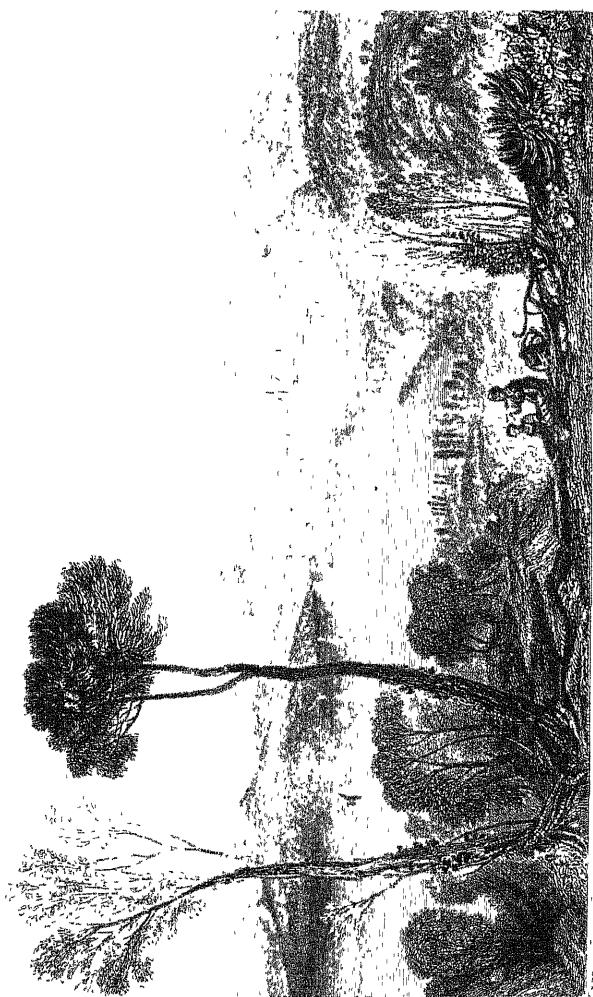
“ Sailing from Zante,” says Williams, in his “ Travels in Greece,” “ a few hours brought us to the coast of Cephalonia, at the foot of Mount Ænos; but we had to beat all night to the west before we could make the entrance of the long bay, near the top of which Argostoli, the capital, is situate. In passing up the bay, we almost touched Lixuri, a pretty and thriving town on its western shore. The country near it is well cultivated, light, and pleasant. On the opposite side, within a branch of the great bay, which has here the appearance of an inland lake, stands the town of Argostoli. The approach is beautiful, even grand, from the majesty of Mount Ænos, and the variety of surface below, cultivated or wild. The town, which is upwards of a mile in length, is improving in neatness, cleanliness, and health. In the last particular, there yet remains much to be done. The malaria fever prevailed at times like a pestilence.

“ The neighbourhood is rich in vines, and the produce is highly esteemed. We dined with the Capo di Governo; and the reginental band played to a late hour a variety of Scotch airs, which, at this distance from home, were truly delightful.

CEPHALONIA.

“ Cephalonia is enumerated by Homer among the dominions of Ulysses, who conducted its heroes to the Trojan war. It was divided into four districts, with each its capital, and hence called Tetrapolis. The ancient cities were Cranii near Argostoli, Pronii, Samè or Samos, and Pallè in the sea: at the south point, ruins, perhaps of Pallè, can be seen in clear weather. Samè defied the Roman power under Marcus Fulvius, in the 563d year of the city.

“ The natives of Cephalonia seem partial to the sea. We were informed by an intelligent gentleman, that the cultivation of the island is almost abandoned, old men and women being in some villages the only stationary population.”

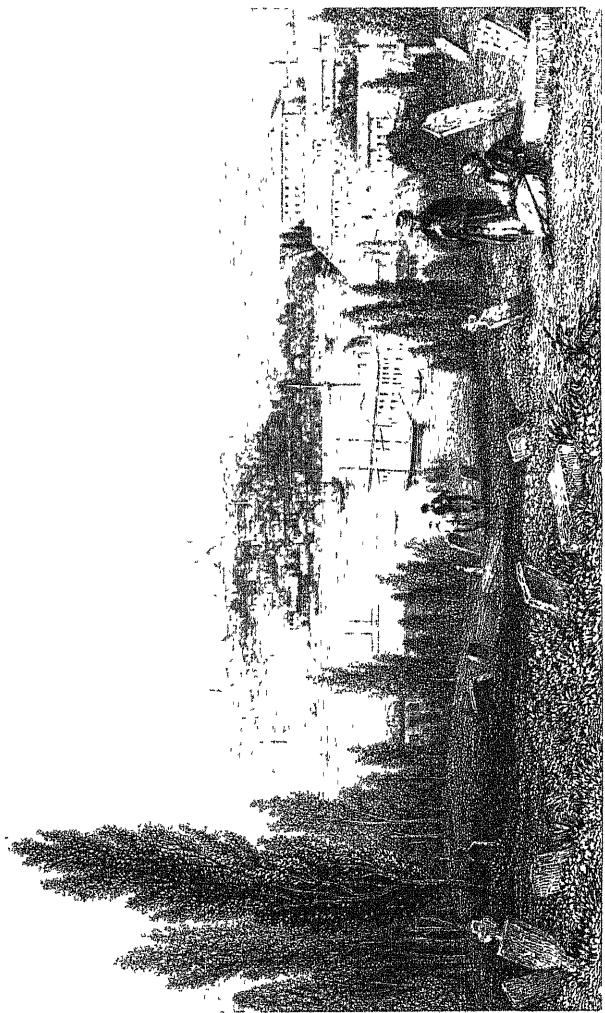




NEGROPONT.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

BESIDES the Bridge of Egripo, this beautiful view of the town and part of the island of Negropont, as seen from a distance, has been introduced into these Illustrations to convey a more just idea of the fine situation of the town, and the character of the surrounding scenery on the shores of Eubœa.



CONSTANTINOPLE,

FROM THE PERA HILL.

Drawn by E. T. Paris, from a Sketch by Captain Roberts.

“ Or he
Who has sailed where picturesque Constantinople is.”
Don Juan, canto ii. st. 7.

To the exceeding beauty of Constantinople and its environs, most travellers to the ancient seat of the eastern empire have borne testimony. Lord Byron says: “ I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi ; I have traversed a great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia ; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn.”

“ The view of Constantinople,” says Mr. Rose, “ which appeared intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its great burial-grounds planted with these trees) ; its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun ; the deep blue sea in which it glazed itself, and *that* sea

CONSTANTINOPLE.

covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in perfect silence, amidst sea-fowl, who sat at rest upon the waters—altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive, from the view of any other place.”

The following description of this view has been furnished by the Rev. J. V. J. Arundell, whose visits to the Turkish capital have rendered every object in the scene familiar to him.

“ The foreground, Pera Hill, is called the ‘ little’ burial-ground, in distinction from the immense one at the extremity of Pera, where the cemeteries of every faith are seen close to each other; whereas the ‘ little’ burial-ground is exclusively Turkish. The higher part of this, or ‘ Pera Hill,’ is the favourite resort of the Franks, Greeks, and Armenians, on Sundays and days of fête; and had, before the destructive fire of 1831, a number of lofty and well-built stone houses on its elevated terrace, inhabited chiefly by the members of the diplomacies of the different courts. On the memorable day of the conflagration every inch of ground in this burial-ground was covered by groups of unfortunate sufferers, who, houseless, remained for some days there amidst piles of mattrasses and furniture, the wrecks of their property. Even the solitude of the cypresses below, where usually the turtle-dove and vulture held

CONSTANTINOPLE.

almost undisturbed dominion, was occupied in the same manner.

“ Below the cypresses, at the left corner, is the *Meitishelli*, or the ‘*ladder of the dead*,’ whence the bodies of those who die at Constantinople are transported across, for the purpose of interment in the favourite cemetery at Scutari.

“ In the year 1831, I embarked near the arsenal in one of the extraordinary caiques so unrivalled for beauty and speed ; and in passing close by the building, near which is a vessel, and which may be called the Admiralty House, the following account was given me by an intelligent friend :—It is constructed wholly of wood, and with a fairy elegance of so peculiar a character, that it might be called *unique*. The Capitan Pasha, for whom it was erected, determined that it should be so ; and while the architect, a Greek, was calculating to be made at least president of the Board of Works, and of rivalling the fame of *Metagenes*, he was suddenly summoned into the presence of his grateful employer, and ordered to be put to death, lest his talents should pass into the service of any other master. It was this edifice to which the following extract from my journal relates :—

“ ‘ August 30, 1831.—The first news we heard this morning was, that the Capitan Pasha’s superb house near the arsenal was reduced to ashes by a fire last

CONSTANTINOPLE.

night. Discontent against the sultan is openly avowed as the cause ; but it is said that *women* were, in this instance, the incendiaries ; and that two had been taken up and strangled. It is currently reported, that a *prophecy* is in circulation among the Turks, foretelling twenty-five fires, all at this period ; so we may expect many more.' And actually I saw a fire or fires every night till the day we quitted Constantinople, Sept. 7th ; and there had been fires regularly every night, or nearly so, from the time of the great fire, which destroyed Pera in August ; so that the prediction was *literally* fulfilled.

" In passing round this edifice, and under the *site* of the superb palace on the hill — for the palace itself had some time before been destroyed — my attention was attracted by a wall of some length adjoining it, which had a picturesque appearance, from being perforated in a curious way : it had enclosed the garden, and these little look-outs were for the ladies of the harem, whose eyes could be permitted to wander, while the lofty wall was a pledge of their security.

" Behind the palace of the Capitan Pasha, along the edge of the water, is the quarter called *Hassa-keny*, or the Jews' quarter, inhabited almost exclusively by them. They are more kindly treated by their Turkish masters than by their Christian neighbours, the Greeks of St. Demetri, whose unchristian feeling towards them

CONSTANTINOPLE.

amounts to absolute hatred ; and the old story of a Christian child killed by them, and his blood drank at the Passover, was revived while I was at Constantinople, with every conceivable exaggeration.

“ On the opposite side of the harbour, to the right of the smoke, is the quarter of the *Fanar*, the residence of the most distinguished Greek families, and the patriarch of Constantinople. I almost fancy that I am now standing at the entrance of the patriarchal palace, and see the body of the unfortunate chief of the eastern church suspended from the archway, as it was at the commencement of the revolution. Close to the palace of the patriarch is his church, in which is shewn, for the veneration of the faithful, part of the marble column to which our Lord was bound when he was scourged.

“ If I mistake not, the mosque, with the minarets on the left, is the *Sulmanieh*, almost the finest in Constantinople ; and to which travellers may have such ready access, that I was actually invited by a Turk to go in ; and by his order an inferior officer of the mosque accompanied me throughout it, and explained every thing to me. Very near the Sulmanieh, almost connected with it, are the shops or café-houses of the opium-eaters ; and though the habit is now nearly out of fashion, some may always be seen either reposing after taking the pill, or in the full excitement of its subsequent effects.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

“ The mosque on the right is peculiarly interesting, as connected with the triumph of the religion of the Prophet over Christianity. It is the mosque built by Mahomet II. on the site of a church, that, if I mistake not, in which the Christian emperors were usually interred, called the Church of the Apostles. It has now, I believe, the *turbè*, or sepulchral chapel of the conqueror of Constantinople, and of some of his successors.

“ At the head of the harbour, nearly behind the minaret, are the suburbs called *Blacherne*, near which the lofty and dark walls, with numerous round towers, mantled with ivy, and relieved by plane-trees of gigantic growth, presented a picture, which, connected with glimpses of the harbour, minarets, &c., impressed me more than any thing I saw at Constantinople.

“ Between the minaret and the Capitan Pasha’s palace, at the head of the harbour, is the mosque of *Aioub* ; not Job the patriarch, but Job the faithful and brave general of Mahomet II. : adjoining to which is the *turbè* of the late Sultan Selim, and his family. The extensive barracks above, called ‘ Daoud Pasha,’ are historical evidence of Selim’s enlightened mind and unmerited fate.”



CHARLES H. COOK

CHARLES H. COOK

Yours very truly J. Campbell

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

From a Picture by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

“ To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected Genius ! let me turn to you.
Come forth, O Campbell ! give thy talents scope ;
Who dares aspire, if thou must cease to hope ? ”

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

LORD BYRON’s uniform feeling of respect for the distinguished talents of Mr. Campbell, is shewn in a hundred places in the “ Life and Works,” though it is sometimes mixed up with a good deal of drollery, where he touches upon his peculiarities. It never fails, however, to leave evidence of Byron’s kindly feelings for the man, and his admiration of his productions.

The first meeting of Byron with Campbell was at Mr. Rogers’s, upon the occasion of his lordship’s personal introduction to Moore, which was so arranged by their host, that the noble poet met there, for the first time, three of his celebrated contemporaries. What a quartette ! Such a party, and under such circumstances, never met before, and never will again. The close

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

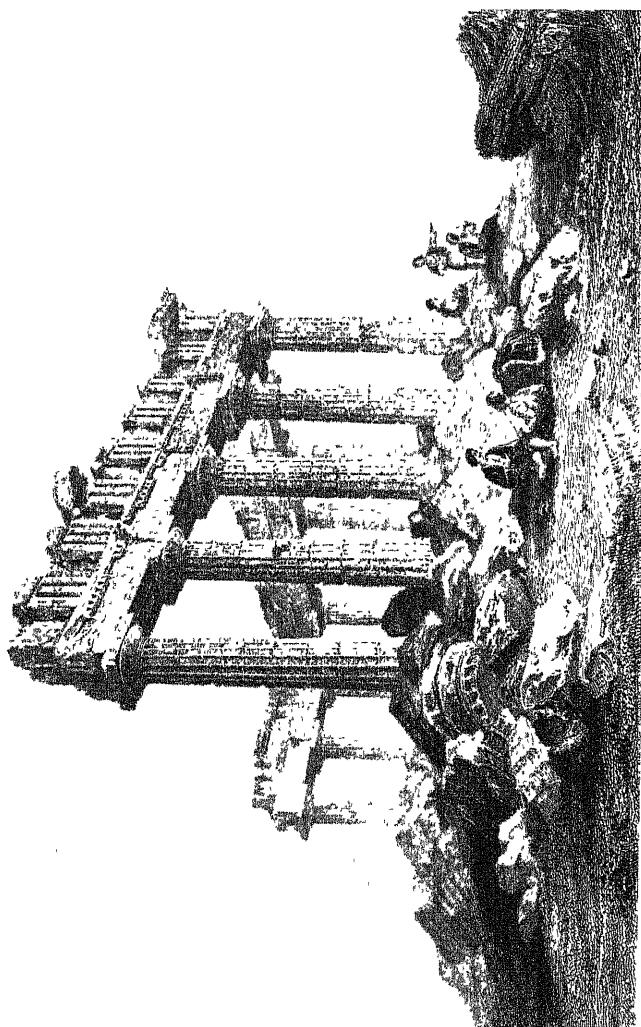
intimacy which such men immediately formed is shewn in Byron's subsequent letters, in which he mentions their various meetings and conversations ; among others, in Byron's Journal in 1813, he advertises to a party at Lord Holland's, where he says, “ Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him — so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment, and was lively and witty. He abused Corinne's book, which I regret, because, firstly, he understands German, and, secondly, he is *first-rate*, and consequently the best of judges. I reverence and admire him.” With great good temper, upon the same occasion, Lord Byron relates a joke of Campbell's, of which he himself was the object. “ We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that used in Catholic churches ; and, seeing us, he exclaimed, ‘ Here is some *incense* for you.’ Campbell answered, ‘ Carry it to Lord Byron — *he is used to it.*’ ”

The enduring character of Campbell's poetry was a frequent theme of Byron in his letters to Moore ; and it is impossible to doubt his sincere conviction that it was deserved ; for in colloquy, in his correspondence, and in his private journals, this testimony of his respect for the talents of his contemporary is shewn ; but in no instance stronger, perhaps, than in the appendix to the

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

fifth canto of “*Don Juan*,” where he introduces Campbell, and complains of some inadvertencies in his edition of the poets. He says: “ being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch upon one or two as trifling in the edition of the British Poets, by the justly celebrated Campbell: but I do this in good will, and trust it will be so taken. If any thing could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope, against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub Street.”

After noticing the inadvertencies, he adds: “ as there is ‘ honour among thieves,’ let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due. None can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except Rogers) who can be reproached (and *in him* it is indeed a reproach) with having written *too little*.”



THE PARTHENON.

Drawn by W. Page.

“ Heard some curious extracts from the life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d—d to him.”

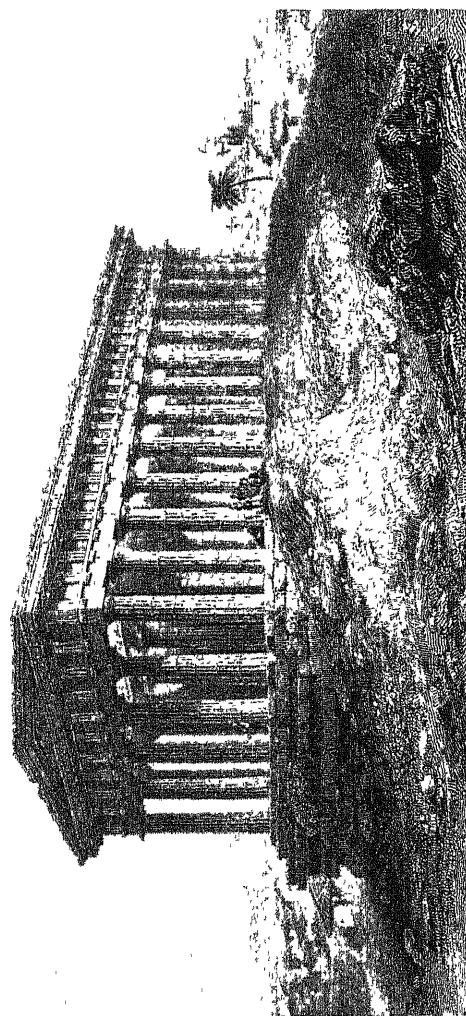
Lord Byron’s Diary, 1814.

IN addition to the other views of the Parthenon given in these Illustrations, this, taken from among its ruins, has been added, to convey a better idea of the destruction which “ Goth, and Turk, and Time,” have effected upon this magnificent temple. The portion of it here shewn is its eastern end. The ruins of the western extremity, of which some part of the cella also remains, are much more extensive.

In 1676, when Sir George Wheeler visited Athens, the Parthenon was nearly entire, the only dilapidation, at least that he noticed, was, that the statues had fallen from the eastern pediment; but, in 1687, the Venetian Morosini, having conquered the Morea, made a wanton expedition into Attica, and laid siege to the Acropolis; during its progress, the powder-magazine established by the Turks in the temple exploded; the

THE PARTHENON.

centre of the building was blown away and totally destroyed, leaving the insulated mass seen in this view—the ruins of the eastern portico. The metopes and frieze of the cella which decorated the centre portion are probably buried beneath the ruins, and better preserved than those which have been removed from the ruins of the Parthenon. The Greeks have lately commenced the formation of museums of the antiquities of their nation, and they will perhaps find these ruins still rich in such objects of research.



TEMPLE OF THESEUS,

AT ATHENS.

Drawn by W. Page.

“ And dim and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm.”

The Corsair.

“ THIS palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the Temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes.

“ During our residence of ten weeks at Athens,” says Mr. Hobhouse, “ there was not, I believe, a day of which we did not devote a part to the contemplation of the noble monuments of Grecian genius, that have outlived the ravages of time, and the outrage of barbarous and antiquarian despoilers. The Temple of Theseus, which was within five minutes' walk of our lodging, is the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. In this fabric the most enduring stability, and a simplicity of design peculiarly striking, are united with the highest elegance and accuracy of workmanship; the characteristic of the Doric style, whose chaste

TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

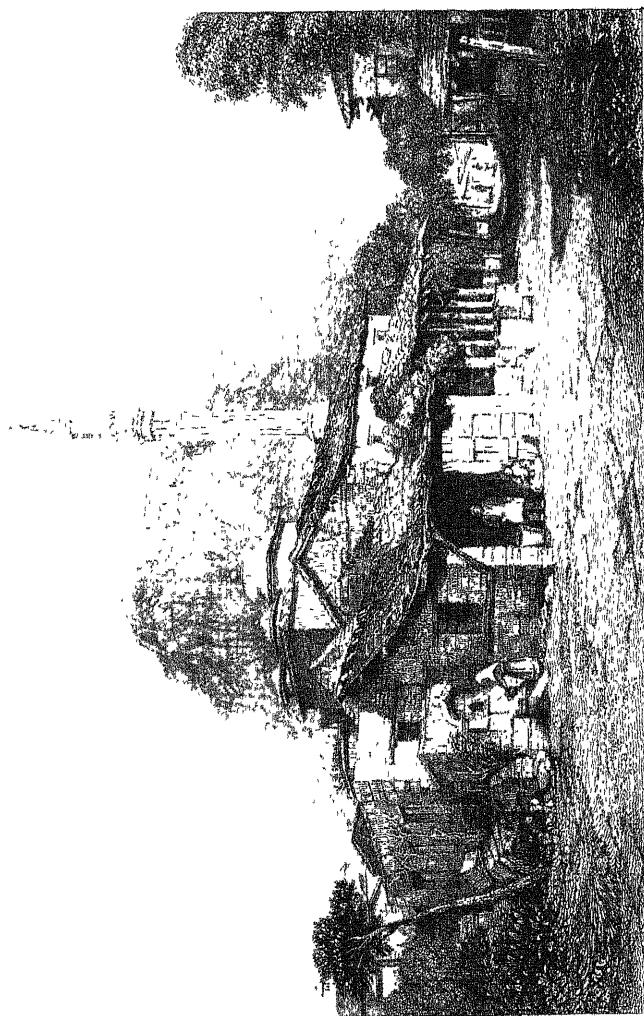
beauty is not, in the opinion of the first artists, to be equalled by the graces of any of the other orders. A gentleman of Athens, of great taste and skill, assured us, that after a continued contemplation of this temple, and the remains of the Parthenon, he could never again look with his accustomed satisfaction upon the Ionic and Corinthian ruins of Athens, much less upon the specimens of the more modern species of architecture to be seen in Italy."

Mr. Fuller, in his "Tour in the Turkish Empire," thus mentions the Temple of Theseus. "Unlike the vast masses of brick-work which we see at Rome, and which, having been despoiled of their rich casing, remain now in naked deformity, the Athenian buildings are, with one or two exceptions, of solid marble; nor are there any neighbouring *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern architecture to distract our attention, or to share our admiration. The Temple of Theseus is an almost perfect model of the Doric order; for though most of the ornaments have been removed or defaced, the architectural part of the building remains entire, with the exception of the roof of the cella, and of the porticoes. It has six columns at each of the fronts, and thirteen at each of the sides, making together thirty-four; and their height is about nineteen feet. It has also within the porticoes a pronaos and posticum, each with two columns and antis. The statues have wholly disap-

TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

peared from the eastern pediment; and there are no traces of any ever having been placed in the western. There are eighteen sculptured metopes, and two friezes much mutilated, which are explained to represent the labours of Hercules and Theseus, the wars of the giants, and the combats of Centaurs and Lapithæ. The Temple of Theseus was built by Cimon, son of Miltiades, in compliance with the injunction of the Pythian oracle, thirty or forty years before the Parthenon was begun. It is now a Greek church, dedicated to St. George, whose exploits are probably supposed to bear some analogy to those of the Athenian hero; and of late years it has been the burial-place for the English who have died in Greece. Mr. Walpole's Greek pentameters are inscribed on the stone which covers Tweddell's remains; and a Latin inscription of equal length commemorates the more humble merits of an English lady's waiting-maid, who reposes beside him."

Upon the death of Lord Byron, it was proposed by Colonel Stanhope that he should be buried at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus; and the chief Odysseus sent an express to Missolonghi to enforce this wish; but as the noble poet left no direction contrary to the removal of his remains to England, they were restored to his country.



CORINTH.

Drawn by G. Cattermole, from a Sketch by W. Page.

THE appearance of this portion of the city agrees with Dodwell's description of it—"houses placed wide apart, and the spaces between occupied with gardens;" but the striking feature of the scene is the singularly grand and beautiful form of the Acrocorinthos. The following remarks are by a recent traveller in Greece:

"In the course of the morning after our arrival at Corinth, we paid a visit to the Acropolis, or Acrocorinthos. We were three-quarters of an hour in riding up to the fort, where we were kindly received by the old governor. The walls of the fort are very extensive, constructed in many places over rocky precipices, and from eight to twelve feet high; with a banquette,—in some parts not eighteen inches wide, in others from two to three feet in width: thus, at night, in the event of alarm, it would be found impossible to communicate along such places, and at all times difficult to fire from them. The Greeks took the citadel from the Turks by a night attack. The walls were built by the Venetians upon the old Acropolis, enlarging it

CORINTH.

considerably. The view from the walls is very fine, looking towards Athens, and also across the gulf towards Parnassus. There are several tanks in the fort; and in one particularly, pointed out by the governor, is an inscription consisting of strange characters, which could not be deciphered: it may be Phœnician, from its proximity to Tyrius, Argos, and Mycenæ, which towns are said to have been built by the Cyclops, who are most likely to have been Phœnicians,—at all events, are supposed to have come from or near the coast of Egypt. A fountain is said to have been constructed near the entrance into the citadel by Asopus, in front of which was the temple of Venus; but the general ruin of every thing but the walls of the fortress prevents almost all possibility of tracing any of the ancient buildings. There were formerly four chapels and four temples on the side of the road leading to the Acropolis; of these not a vestige is now to be seen.

“ In the afternoon, we rode to see the intended canal across the isthmus. About five miles from the town are the remains of the towers and lines for the defence of the isthmus, and a mile farther is the excavation made for the intended canal; it is about four hundred yards in length, commencing not far from the sea-shore. The labours appear to have been checked shortly after the work reached the hilly ground, which proved to be very rocky. It has only been carried on

CORINTH.

about one hundred feet among the rocks ; but this distance is great, considering the deficiency of means in those days for such operations. The width of the canal appeared to be about eighty feet. It has been asserted that the canal could never have been serviceable, had the excavation been completed, on account of the difference of level in the two seas. From the place where the cut is stopped, the ground gradually rises towards the southern shore of the isthmus."

Lord Byron, in the course of his journeys in Greece, crossed this isthmus five or six times ; and the beautiful scenery which he has described in "*The Dream*" is supposed to have been suggested by the country which he traversed between the Saronic and the Corinthian Gulfs. In that poem he says,—

" He lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven."



Sam Rogers

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

From a Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

“ And thou, melodious Rogers ! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past ;
Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow’d lyre ;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne —
Assert thy country’s honour and thine own.”

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

THE commencement of Lord Byron’s acquaintance with Mr. Rogers has been related with much interest by Mr. Moore, in his “ Life of Lord Byron,” in stating the circumstances under which that friendship began, which continued during the life of the noble poet.

Upon Lord Byron’s return to England in 1811, Mr. Moore wrote to him, explanatory of a letter of rather a warlike character, which, in the first moment of indignation after the appearance of the second edition of “ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” had been addressed by him to Lord Byron. This letter led to a satisfactory explanation on the part of his

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

lordship, who, at the request of Mr. Moore, agreed, in the following letter, to meet him at Mr. Rogers's, who had proposed that a first and friendly meeting should take place at his house.

“ TO MR. MOORE.

SIR, 8, *St. James's Street*, Nov. 1, 1811.

“ As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation. Of the professions of esteem with which Mr. Rogers has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if insensible to the praise of such a man ; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life. I have the honour to be

“ Your very sincere and obedient servant,

“ BYRON.”

Mr. Campbell, who had called at Mr. Rogers's that morning, was invited to meet Lord Byron, and thus commenced his personal acquaintance with all three ; an auspicious meeting which led the way to those delightful

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

associations at the house of Mr. Rogers which are so often noticed in the second and third volumes of the *Life of Byron*.

“ After the appearance of *Childe Harold*,” says Moore, “ when he began to mingle with the world, the same persons who had long been *my* intimates and friends became his.” Among those whom he met at Mr. Rogers’s were Mr. Sheridan, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Sharp, Payne Knight, Madame de Staél, Lord Erskine, and others the *élite* of the most distinguished society of the day; from the fashion and frivolity, that sought his company as a *lion*, he always returned with pleasure to where he could herd with minds as noble as his own.

Mr. Rogers was one of those friends who, through good report and evil report, adhered to Lord Byron, always testifying his friendship for him; and the constant declaration by Byron of the estimation in which he held the talents and character of Mr. Rogers, is to be found throughout his letters, his journals, and his works. He placed him the highest among his contemporaries, published his “ *Lara* ” jointly with Mr. Rogers’s “ *Jacqueline*,” and dedicated to him, in testimony of his respect and friendship, his poem of the “ *Giaour*.”

Of the partnership publication of “ *Jacky* and *Larry*,” as he facetiously called them, he wrote thus

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

to Moore : “ Rogers and I have almost coalesced into a joint invasion of the public; whether it will take place or not, I do not yet know; and I am afraid Jacqueline (which is very beautiful) will be in bad company. But in this case the lady will not be the sufferer.”

There was a certain class of Byron’s feelings which peculiarly belonged to his friendship with Mr. Rogers,—any affair of delicacy requiring advice, any judgment from an *arbiter elegantiarum*, any inquiries on matters of *virtù*; and even upon the subject of his domestic miseries, an appeal to his friend, which refers to previous confidence, is seen in the following letter :—

“ You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at *her* expense—by any serious imputation of any description against *her*? Did you never hear me say, ‘ that when there was a right or a wrong, she had the *right*? ’ The reason why I put these questions to you, is because I am said, by her and hers, to have resorted to such means of exculpation.”

In 1821, during Mr. Rogers’s journey in Italy, they

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

met by appointment at Bologna; and, after remaining a day there, they crossed the Apennines, and visited together the Gallery of Florence; but Byron honestly confesses, that much that they saw, which to Mr. Rogers's refined taste was a source of enjoyment, was to him almost as a sealed letter; whilst he was fully alive to the fun of exposing the absurdly affected admiration of would-be connoisseurs, who shelter their ignorance under truisms. “I heard one bold Briton,” says Byron, “declare to a woman on his arm, looking at the Venus of Titian,—‘Well, now this is really very fine indeed!’”—an observation which, like that of the landlord in *Joseph Andrews* on the certainty of death, was (as the landlord’s wife observed) strictly true.” And “in the Pitti Palace I did not omit Goldsmith’s prescription for a connoisseur, *viz.* ‘that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.’”

In Mr. Rogers’s poem on Italy, he has preserved an account of their meeting at Bologna, in a sketch full of feeling, and affording abundant evidence of his reciprocation of that good will and regard, which, even beyond the grave, produced those beautiful lines, so honourable to his judgment and his heart, in which he apostrophises him as

“ One long used
To sojourn among strangers, every where

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius ! one who saw,
Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not ; and mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate spirit.

“ Much had passed
Since last we parted ; and those five short years—
Much had they told ! His clustering locks were turned
Gley ; nor did aught recall the youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet ; still from his eye the thought
Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sat conversing — no unwelcome hour,
The hour we met ; and, when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.

“ Well I remember how the golden sun
Filled with its beams the unfathomable gulfs
As on we travelled ; and along the ridge,
Mid groves of cork, and cistus, and wild fig,
His motley household came. Not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice had so ably, zealously
Served, and at parting, thrown his oar away
To follow through the world ; who, without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

The gondolier's, in a patrician house
Arguing unlimited trust.—Not last nor least,
Thou, though declining in thy beauty and strength,
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
The silent, sullen strand of Missolonghi
Howling in grief.

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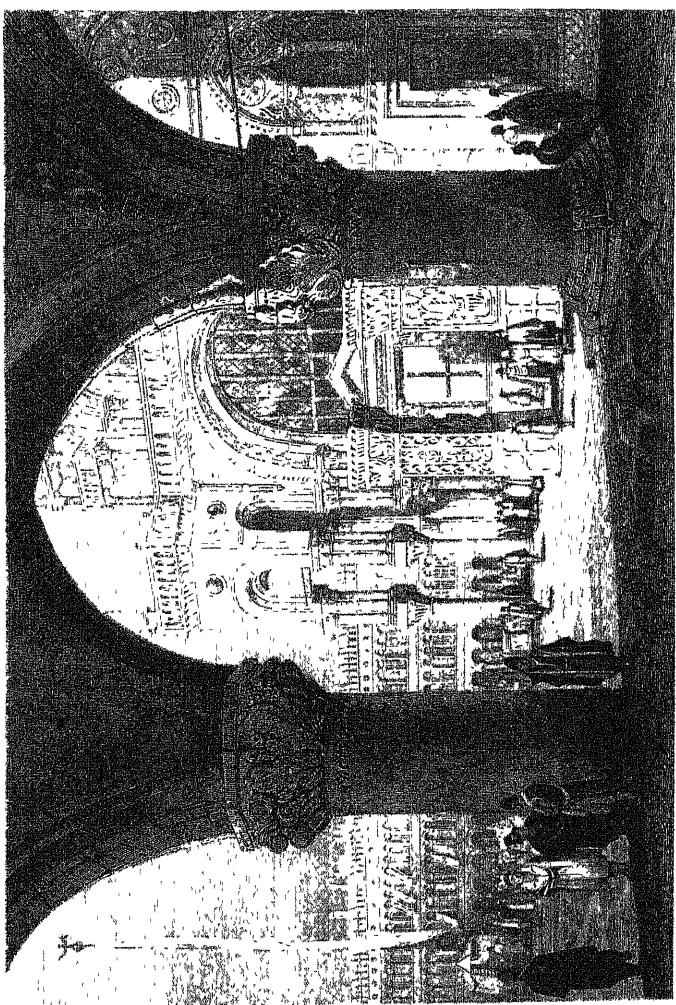
“ He is now at rest;
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, BYRON! thou art gone,
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations: and, if in thy life
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

“ They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a nation mourn'd,
Changing her festal for her funeral song;

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

That they so soon should hear the minute gun,
As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.

“ Thou art gone ;
And he that would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh ! let him pause. For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert, even from thine earliest years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a Highland boy—
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame—
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
Her charmed cup ;—ah ! who among us all
Could say he had not erred as much, and more ?”

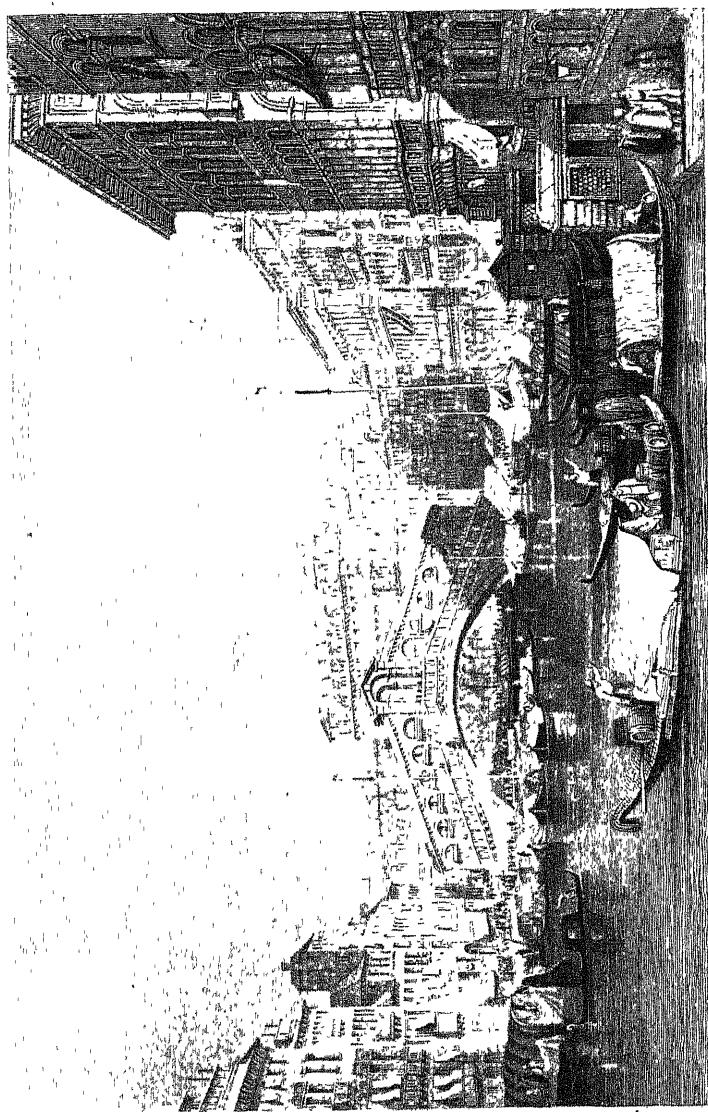


SAINT MARK'S,

VENICE.

From a Drawing by S. Prout.

THIS view looks out from beneath the massive arcade of the Ducal Palace, upon a part of St. Mark's church and the Place of St. Mark. Here are again seen the columns which form the foreground of the view of the Piazetta, and upon which the gates of Acre were formerly suspended. One of the three lofty masts fixed at the eastern end of the Place of St. Mark is also seen; upon which, in the days of Venetian glory, the flags of the dependencies of the republic—Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea—were displayed.



THE RIALTO,

VENICE

From a Drawing by S. Prout.

IT would be scarcely doing justice to these Illustrations to withhold this—which is the finest, and therefore the most generally-chosen, view of Venice—though there are few works illustrative of the “Sea Queen” in which it is not to be found. The magnificent situation of the Ponte Rialto, spanning the Great Canal, will be remembered by most travellers who have taken up their residence in the Leone Bianca, or the adjoining albergo. From every window in the front of either of these hotels this interesting view is seen.



in very truly a m. h. sh.
Robert Southey

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.

From the original Portrait by T. Phillips, R.A.

THOUGH the selection of Mr. Southey's portrait, among others, was considered necessary by the proprietors of the "Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works," it places the author of these observations in a situation of some difficulty.

The portraits which have been introduced are of persons too well known in the world to require any sketches of their biography, beyond an account of their connexion with the noble poet. But in this case, instead of being connected by any ties with the poet-laureate, Lord Byron was ever in opposition to him; and "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," were not wanting in either, to vituperate, misrepresent, and dishonour each other. The latter effect, however, most abundantly recoiled upon themselves; for though the talents which this rancour directed were perhaps the greatest of their time, thus exercised they only excited the world's laughter, and its contempt for both.

One of them is now gone to his account; it is to be wished that the other had not forgotten it, when he

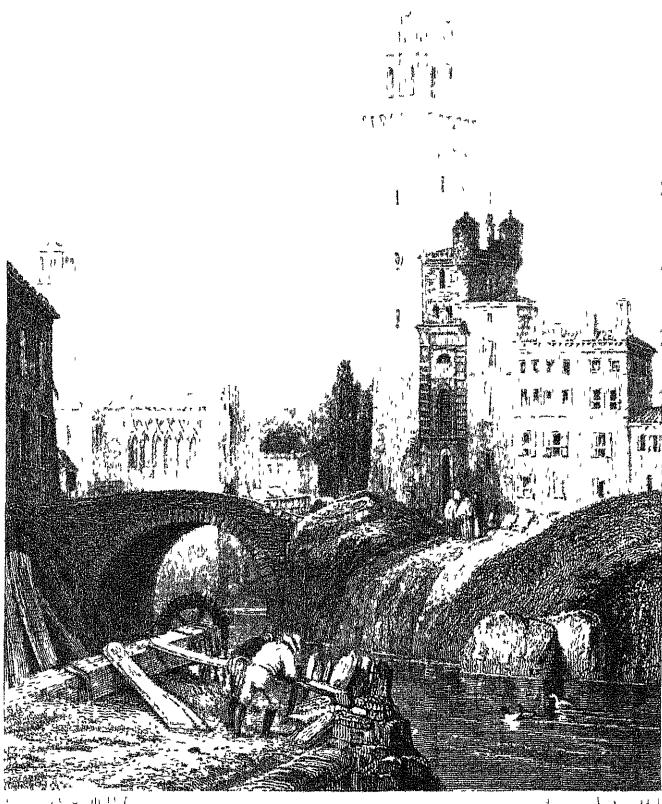
ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL.D.

exhibited his boldness by kicking a dead lion: but that other *still* lives, and therefore, instead of repeating the history of their mutual abuse, the author refers for such information to Byron's Works and Southey's; and whatever may be the endurance of his own, the laureate is assured of immortality in those of his rival.

One observation, however, he desires to make, in connexion with this subject and in justice to Byron. No poem of his lordship's ever brought more obloquy upon his character, and the tendency of his writings, than the “*Vision of Judgment*,” a satire written by him in ridicule of that “*Vision of Judgment*,” by the laureate, which the Rev. Robert Hall said, was “a poem grossly and unpardonably profane;” but nothing was ever more unjust than the charge—a thousand times repeated—of Byron having sought, in his satire, recklessly to bring into contempt things sacred. From its universality, this charge must have been brought by those who, *not* having read Mr. Southey's “*Vision of Judgment*,” little suspected that such a serious production of “audacious impiety” had preceded Byron's satire. The dishonour, therefore, which ought to have fallen upon that political prostitution of mind, fell upon the agent of its exposure. It is impossible, however, for any unprejudiced human being, possessed of common sense, not to see that Lord Byron's was not an impious attack upon things sacred, but a satire upon a

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL.D.

poem which is unexampled in our literature for its time-serving unworthiness. The events of the life of George the Third had become matters of history—his character an open subject for comment; but it was the mode adopted by the laureate in recording them that sharpened the sting of Byron; and had it been a thousand times sharper, its infliction would have been deserved by one who had dared so impiously to assume the judgment-seat of God.



BRIDGE IN VENICE

PADUA.

From a Drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

LORD BYRON thus slightly mentions his passage through Padua, in a letter from Venice, shortly after his arrival in this city—" I saw Verona and Vicenza on my way here—Padua too." And again, when it was revisited by him on his journey to Ravenna, in one of his letters to Mr. Hoppner, dated from Padua, on that occasion, he says: " A journey in an Italian June is a conscription ; and if I was not the most constant of men, I should now be swimming from the Lido, instead of smoking in the dust of Padua."

The glories of Padua have passed away with the importance of its University ; but the men whose names now belong to the world, who obtained for this city, by their association with it, the appellation of the *Learned*, " Padua la Dotta," have given to it an undying memory. Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso, all studied here. Here Galileo taught ; and some honoured names of our own countrymen have added to its reputation ; for Chaucer, Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation of the blood), and, almost in our own days, Oliver Goldsmith,

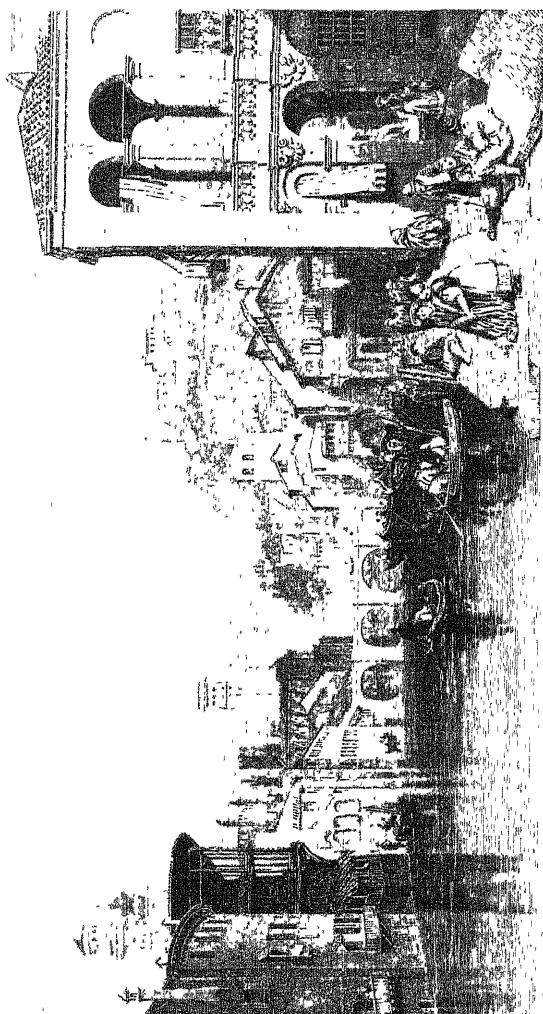
PADUA.

were for a time students. But Padua has had its distinguished natives also. One of the earliest was Livy, the Roman historian ; and among the last was Belzoni, the celebrated Egyptian traveller, who has consigned to his native city some of the results of his researches on the banks of the Nile. There is a pride of place, as well as of family, which every inhabitant tries to sustain. Padua boasts of very high antiquity : its citizens claim as its founder the Trojan prince Antenor ; and to confirm this they shew his tomb ! The claim of Padua to the honour of Livy's birth is indisputable ; yet his countrymen seek to confirm it by shewing the house in which he lived ! But these demands upon credulity are too easy to be refused by those who make no difficulty in implicitly believing the monstrous absurdities related as the miracles of their patron—Saint Anthony.

There is in Padua a public building of extraordinary magnitude—the town-hall, or *il Salone*. The great room is three hundred feet long and one hundred broad ; it contains also the public offices and the prison. It is recorded that it was begun in 1172, and completed in 1306. How one hundred and forty years could be wasted on such a work, it is difficult to imagine ; yet numerous examples occur in Italy of centuries having been required for the erection of some of their public structures. Though there is a gloomy

PADUA.

and melancholy air about Padua, there are many objects of interest to detain the traveller in their public buildings and churches. Here the Italian fathers of the revival of painting in Italy have left their finest pictures, especially Cimabue, Giotto, and Mantegna; and the extraordinary merit of some of these works will undeceive those who have had thrust upon their attention, by picture-dealers, the hideous old gaunt virgins, with friezes of little dangling angels, like imps—the works of the Greek painters of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—as those of Cimabue and Giotto. With all its dulness, Padua boasts of one of the finest promenades, attached to a city, in Europe—the *Prato della Valle*. It is a large open space with a canal, laid out and planted; and around these are placed, on pedestals, the statues of those men who have been most distinguished in the history of Padua. Many structures exist which prove its participation in the struggles between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, when houses were fortified and towers were raised for defence against the indignant populace, who were roused to revenge acts of atrocity, which would appear to us to be improbable, if the crimes of such a wretch as Eccelino da Romano had not been recorded, and descended to our times as matter of history.



VERONA.

From a Drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

THE scenery in and about Verona, and particularly the prospects from the heights of the castle, which in this view is seen towering above the city, are remarkably beautiful. Until lately the fortifications were so strong as to have a deserved celebrity. During the power of the Venetian Republic they were rebuilt and greatly strengthened ; but they were razed by the French after the struggle of the Veronesi with that government in 1797. At present the Emperor of Austria trusts more to the number of his troops than the security of their quarters ; for, crowded as the Veneto-Lombard kingdom is with Hungarian soldiers—(it is the policy of the government to guard Italy with Hungarians, and Hungary with Italians),—Verona seems to have more than her share. The proximity, however, of Verona to the great route by the Tyrol into Germany may occasion the appearance of an unusually large proportion in this city.

Verona is a place of high antiquity. Its ancient name was Brennio. Important events, as early as the

VERONA.

time of the descent of the Gauls under Brennus, had here their place of action. Its distinction as a Roman city is proved in the remains of its amphitheatre, its gates, and its walls; and its history is mixed up with that of Venice during the middle ages, when it submitted to the power of the Republic. The latest political event in its history was the lowest step to which it could sink. It became the seat of congress in 1822, when the Alliance impiously called “Holy” sat within its walls; and the Veronesi thought themselves honoured!



Le grand arc de triomphe

ANCONA.

From a Drawing by S. Prout.

WHILST Lord Byron was at Ravenna, early in 1821, he was in daily expectation of the outbreak of the Carbonari; and, expecting that the government would make some effort to meet the anticipated insurrection, he contemplated a change of residence; and says in his journal: “I think of retiring towards Ancona, nearer the northern frontier, that is to say, if Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is most likely, as all the family are Liberals.”

The northern frontier alluded to was that of Naples, with the Carbonari of which kingdom those of the states of the church were in correspondence.

Ancona is the chief place of the province of Marche, often mentioned as the Marches of Ancona. It is the chief port in the Adriatic appertaining to the papal government, and is the place of residence of the British consul. It was made a free port by Clement XII., and greatly improved by Pius VI., who granted additional immunities to the city. Considering it as the key to the papal states, the French have recently taken pos-

ANCONA.

session of this city, to balance the influence of Austria in Italy.

Its appearance from the sea is very fine and imposing ; but within the city, its narrow and dirty streets place it on a par with other Italian towns, especially on the coast. There are two moles, which form and defend the harbour, the old and the new : the former extends far into the sea, and at its entrance is the magnificent triumphal arch raised in honour of Trajan, by his wife Plautine and his sister Marciana : it is in good condition, better preserved, perhaps, than any such structure remaining to us from the Romans : it was erected in the 112th year of our era ; but the statues and the trophies in bronze, and other ornaments which embellished it, have long been removed.



RAVENNA.

DANTE'S TOMB.

From a Drawing by Prout.

“ Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children’s children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages.”

Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 57.

“ I pass each day where Dante’s bones are laid :
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust ; but reverence here is paid
To the bard’s tomb, and not the warrior’s column :
The time must come, when both alike decayed,
The chieftain’s trophy and the poet’s volume,—
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides’ death or Homer’s birth.”

Don Juan, c. iv. st. 104.

“ In the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna, in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author, that, having composed something on the subject of Tasso’s confinement, he should do the same on Dante’s exile—

RAVENNA.

the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger. ‘On this hint I spake.’”

Preface to Byron’s Prophecy of Dante.

SOME of the following information is furnished from the notes to the “Prophecy.”

“Dante Alighieri was born in Florence, in May 1265, of an ancient and honourable family. In the early part of his life he gained some credit in a military character, and distinguished himself by his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained a signal victory over the citizens of Arezzo. He became still more eminent by the acquisition of court honours; and at the age of thirty-five he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, when that dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. From this exaltation the poet himself dated his principal misfortunes. Italy was at that time distracted by the contending factions of the Ghibelines and Guelphs,—among the latter Dante took an active part. In one of the proscriptions he was banished, his possessions confiscated, and he died in exile in 1321. Boccaccio thus describes his person and manners:—‘He was of the middle stature, of a mild disposition, and, from the time he arrived at manhood, grave in his manner and deportment. His clothes were plain, and his dress

RAVENNA.

always conformable to his years. His face was long ; his nose aquiline ; his eyes rather large than otherwise. His complexion was dark, melancholy, and pensive. In his meals he was extremely moderate ; in his manners most courteous and civil ; and, both in public and private life, he was admirably decorous.

“ Dante died at Ravenna, in 1321, in the palace of his patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, who testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which he did not live to complete. His countrymen shewed, too late, that they knew the value of what they had lost. At the beginning of the next century, they entreated that the mortal remains of their illustrious citizen might be restored to them, and deposited among the tombs of their fathers. But the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the sad and honourable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negotiations of the Florentines for the same purpose, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X., and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.

“ Never did any poem rise so suddenly into notice, after the death of its author, as the *Divina Commedia*. About the year 1350, Giovanni Visconti, archbishop of Milan, selected six of the most learned men in Italy, — two divines, two philosophers, and two Florentines,

RAVENNA.

—and gave them in charge to contribute their joint endeavours towards the compilation of an ample comment, a copy of which is preserved in the Laurentian library. At Florence, a public lecture was founded for the purpose of explaining a poem, which was at the same time the boast and the disgrace of the city. The decree for this institution was passed in 1373; and in that year Boccaccio was appointed, with a salary of a hundred florins, to deliver lectures in one of the churches on the first of their poets. The example of Florence was speedily followed by Bologna, Pisa, Piacenza, and Venice. It is only within a few years, that the merits of this great and original poet were attended to, and made known in this country. And this seems to be owing to a translation of the very pathetic story of Count Ugolino; to the judicious and spirited summary given of this poem in the 31st section of the History of English Poetry; and to Mr. Hayley's translations of the three cantos of the Inferno. ‘Dante believed,’ says Ugo Foscolo, ‘that, by his sufferings on earth, he atoned for the errors of humanity—

‘ Ma la bontà divina ha si gran braccia,
Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei.’

‘ So wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it.’

RAVENNA.

And he seems to address Heaven in the attitude of a worshipper, rather than a suppliant. Being convinced ‘ that man is then truly happy when he freely exercises all his energies,’ he walked through the world with an assured step, ‘ keeping his vigils’—

‘ So that, nor night nor slumber with close stealth
Convey’d from him a single step in all
The goings on of time.’

He collected the opinions, the follies, the vicissitudes, the miseries, and the passions, that agitate mankind ; and left behind him a monument, which, while it humbles us by the representation of our own wretchedness, should make us glory that we partake of the same nature with such a man, and encourage us to make the best use of our fleeting existence.’”

The tomb, the subject of this illustration, was originally an urn, and placed in a niche on the outside of the convent belonging to the Frati Minori at Ravenna ; upon this urn were inscribed the following lines, written by Dante.

“ Jura monarchiæ, superos, Phlegetonta, lacusque
Lustrando cecini, voluerunt fata quousque ;
Sed quia pars cessit melioribus hospita castis,
Auctoremque suum petit felicior astris,
Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris.”

RAVENNA.

The laws of monarchy, the regions above, Phlegethon, and the lakes, were the subjects of my survey and my pen, as long as fate willed ; but since that part of me which was a guest on earth (my soul) departed to better scenes, and more happy, sought its Maker in the stars, I, Dante, whom Florence (a mother of little love) bore, am enclosed here, banished from the land of my fathers.

A later inscription shews that the monument was repaired and decorated by Benardo Bembo, the father of the cardinal, in 1483, in consequence of the injuries which the memorial erected by the patron of Dante, Guido da Polenta, had suffered by exposure. It was again restored by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692 ; and finally replaced by the present sepulchre, which was erected in 1780, at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valent Gonzaga.

Lord Byron, in the fourth canto of “ Childe Harold,” makes reflections upon the illustrious dead whose ashes repose in the church of the Santa Croce of Florence, “ the Westminster Abbey of Italy :”—

“ In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier.”

Among these are the tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri ; but, asks Lord Byron,

“ Where repose the all Etruscan three,
Dante and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,

RAVENNA.

The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of a Hundred Tales of love? —

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore,
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages;

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Caesar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more.
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
The immortal exile;

While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps."

" The appearance," says a correspondent of the author, " of Dante's Tomb at Ravenna is remarkable: it is situated at the end of a street, where it is seen attached to a convent; it has a dome, surmounted by a pine cone. The frizze is composed of skeleton ox-heads, with festoons of flowers. Over the door is a fan-light, with the cardinal's hat, and, I suppose, his arms on a shield. Two ovals in the door are latticed, to peep through, after ascending some steps, which are rather flat. Such is all that I can remember of the tomb of Dante."



THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

From a Drawing by E. T. Parris.

DURING Byron's “London life,” as Moore calls it, when his society was sought, to give brilliancy to the most fashionable circles, there were few parties that he visited with more pleasure, or where the attentions he received were more gratefully remembered, than those of the distinguished lady whose portrait is here introduced. Allusions are often made in the “Life of Lord Byron” to her parties, and the persons whom he met in her society.

When his Lordship was about to leave his native land, because scandal and misrepresentation had assailed him, and made it as fashionable to shrink from his society as it had before been to seek it, Lady Jersey, at one of whose assemblies he made his last public appearance in England, received him with her wonted courtesy; and the kindness of his noble hostess upon that occasion was never forgotten by him.

Afterwards, on his way to Rome, he mentions that he again met Lord and Lady Jersey, who were returning to Paris—“all well, children grown and healthy; she very pretty, but sunburnt.” Byron often praised

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

the beauty of women abroad, by comparing them to Lady Jersey.

When his late Majesty was Prince Regent, he formed a collection of miniature portraits of the ladies of his court the most celebrated for their beauty. The Countess of Jersey's was necessarily among them. Some pique, however, against the lady led to its being sent away from Carlton House. The affair at the time made much noise in the fashionable world ; and Lord Byron, upon that occasion, wrote the following “ Condolatory Address to Sarah, Countess of Jersey :”—

“ When the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obeyed, and yet abhorred,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the brave, or just ;
What most admired each scrutinising eye
Of all that decked that passing pageantry ?
What spread from face to face that wondering air ?
The thought of Brutus—for his was not there !
That absence proved his worth,—that absence fixed
His memory on the longing mind, unmixed ;
And more decreed his glory to endure,
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thine own had rendered less ;

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
Heir of his father's crown and of his wits,
If his corrupted eye, and withered heart,
Could with thy gentle image bear deport ;
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
'To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief :
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose ?
A garden with all flowers — except the rose ; —
A fount that only wants its living stream ;
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee ;
And more on that recalled resemblance pause,
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine :
The symmetry of youth — the grace of mien —
The eye that gladdens — and the brow serene ;
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
Which shades, yet shews that forehead more than fair !
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell which will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.
These are not lessened, these are still as bright,
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight ;

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

And those must wait till every charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases none ; —
That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
In envious dimness passed thy portrait by ;
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*."



FALLS OF TERNI.

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding.

“ The roar of waters ! — from the headlong height
Velmo cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald : — how profound
The gulf ! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shews
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be

FALLS OF TERNI.

Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale :— Look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn.
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 69–72.

“ I saw,” says Lord Byron, “ the ‘ Cascata del Marmore’ of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubbach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, &c., are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.”

Schaffhausen must be content to sink with the others into the list of inferiors. The Falls of Terni

FALLS OF TERNI.

have no rival in Europe. The height is not so considerable as either that of the Staubach or the Arpenaz, nor the quantity so great as that of the Rhone at Schaffhausen; but it has ten times the height of the latter, and a hundred times the quantity of the former, and its picturesque localities make every other cataract suffer by a comparison with it.

“The stunning sound,” says Williams, “the mist, uncertainty, and tremendous depth, bewildered the senses for a time, and the eye had little rest from the impetuous and hurrying waters, to search into the mysterious and whitened gulf, which presented, through a cloud of spray, the apparitions, as it were, of rocks and overhanging wood. The wind, however, would sometimes remove for an instant this misty veil, and display such a scene of havoc as appalled the soul.”

A visit to the Falls of Terni is one of the highest enjoyments which a traveller to Rome from Perugia can possibly receive on his journey. Mules, or a light carriage, are usually taken from Terni; and a journey of less than two hours brings the traveller to the top of the cascade, which it is desirable to visit first, and to send the mules down to await the party in the valley of the Nar below. The road to the head of the fall is singularly beautiful—the valley richly wooded—the villages—the town in the distance—the precipitous side of the mountain, by which the path winds round

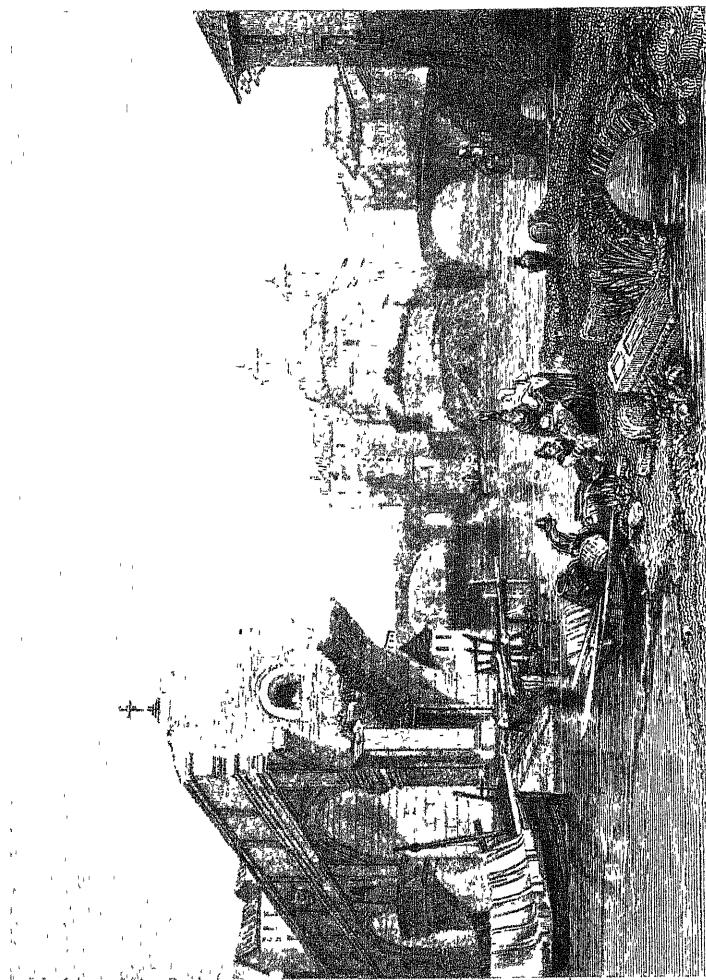
FALLS OF TERNI.

to attain its summit—and the stupendous effect of the first appearance of the fall—all is excitement and astonishment. A safe but difficult path leads down to a look-out house built on the verge of the precipice which overhangs the abyss, about a hundred feet below the crest of the torrent. Of the scene from this spot language can convey no idea: the roar of the mass of waters which fall close to the corridor of the building, and the concealment, by the mists, of the depth of the abyss, above four hundred feet below, makes it to the eye immeasurable. The effect is never to be forgotten by those who have looked out in safety upon this “hell of waters”—than which nothing can be more sublime. Yet beauty rests upon it; for when the sun shines from a favourable point, the most lovely iris is spread across the cataract, and changes in intensity with the accidental variations of the mists as the wind affects them.

From this point of view a path leads down over the tufose masses of which the whole mountain seems to be composed, and the course of their formation is every where seen. After examining the scenery from the bottom of the fall, which is the finest view, for the entire descent of eight hundred feet is commanded from below, the traveller returns through the valley along the course of the Nar; and he will return with the conviction that he has visited the most picturesque scenery in Italy.

FALLS OF TERNI.

It is difficult for a visitor to the Falls of Terni to believe that they have been formed by man—or rather, that the waters have been directed into their present channel by his labours; and much of its present completeness has been effected almost in our day. Originally, the channel of the Velino was cut, under the consulate of Curius Dentatus, about the year of Rome 671, to discharge the waters of the lake of Luco, which often overflowed its banks and greatly injured the neighbouring country in the vale of Rieti; but at that time the channel was not large enough; and though it was often repaired and altered, the mischiefs which arose from the inundations of the Velino frequently recurred. At length Pius VI. enlarged its channel to its present state, and not only rendered great service to the people of the valley of Rieti, but completed one of the most magnificent objects in the world.



PONTE ROTTO,

ROME

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding.

THIS scene upon the Tiber is one of antiquarian interest. The ruins are of the ancient Palatine bridge; but there are vestiges of the piers of another, the Pons Sublicius, a little lower down the river; and antiquaries, though generally in favour of the latter, are divided as to which of the two occupied the site of that of which the defence has immortalised Horatius Cocles. An enthusiastic Frenchman chose, however, to identify this with H. Cocles by the following improviso, which he uttered on the Ponte Rotto, and chanted with great effect to one of the republican airs:—

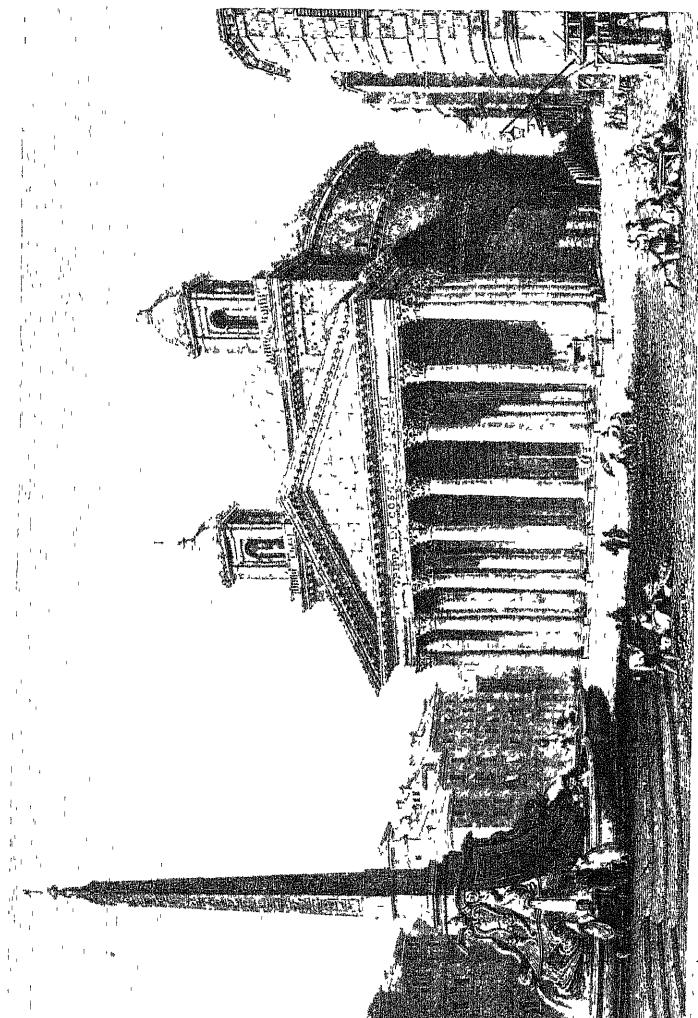
“ Rome, lève la tête ! là fut le Capitol —
Ce pont fut le pont de Coclés —
Ces autels sont chauds des cendres de Scévole —
Lucrèce dort sous ces cyprés —

Là Brutus immola sa race —
Là fut englouti Curtius —
Et là, dans cette autre place,
César fut poignardé par Cassius.

PONTE ROTTO.

Rome, la Liberté t'appele—
Sache vaincre—sache périr !
Un Romain doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Romain doit mourir !”

The island, in the distance, which appears to connect two parts of a bridge—the Ponte di Quattro Capi—is called the Isola di S. Bartolomeo; it was anciently known both as the island of Æsculapius, and as the Isola Tiberina. In the days of Roman splendour it was covered with temples, and the ground built up, or cut away, until the island was made to assume the form of a gigantic Roman galley.



PANTHEON,

ROME.

From a Drawing by C. Barry.

“ Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
Shalt thou not last ? Time’s scythe and tyrants’ rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model ; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them
close.”

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 146-7.

PANTHEON.

“ WHETHER,” says Hobhouse, in his “ Historical Illustrations,” “ the Pantheon be the calidarium of a bath or a temple, or a single or a double building, it is evidently that structure of which the ancients themselves spoke with rapture, as one of the wonders of Rome—whose vault was like the heavens, and whose compass was that of a whole legion.

“ Notwithstanding the repairs of Domitian, Hadrian, Severus, and Caracalla, it is probable that the latter artist copied the old model, and that the portico may still be said to belong to the age of Augustus. Knowing that we see what was one of the most superb edifices of the ancient city, in the best period of its architecture, we are surprised, when, looking down on the Pantheon from one of the summits of Rome, with the mean appearance of its flat leaden dome, compared with the many towering structures of the modern town; but the sight of the portico from the opposite extremity of the market-place, in front of the Rotonda, vindicates the majesty of the ancient capitol.”

“ The first view of this building,” says Dr. Burton, “ will disappoint most persons. The round part may be pronounced decidedly ugly; and a Corinthian portico is certainly not so striking, when centuries have passed over it and disfigured it, as one of the Doric order. The two turrets, or belfries, a modern addition by Bernini, must offend every eye. The situation of

PANTHEON.

the building is also very bad, in a dirty part of the city, and closely surrounded with houses. The arches which appear in the second and third stories, are the continuation of the vaulting of the roofs which cover the chapels and the cavities cut out of the thickness of the wall. The portico, however, is a majestic structure. The most inexperienced eye would observe a want of agreement between this and the body of the building. The cornice of the one does not agree with the cornice of the other; and a singular effect is produced by there being a pediment on the temple, which rises above that of the portico, so that, in fact, there are two pediments. This has caused some controversy among the antiquaries; but it is now generally supposed, that Agrippa built the whole, though perhaps at different times, and the portico may have been an after-thought.

“ The portico is 110 feet long, by 44 deep, supported by sixteen columns of the Corinthian order. Each is of one piece of oriental granite, 42 feet high, without the bases and capitals, which are of white marble; they are about 15 feet in circumference. . . . There is supposed to have been a bas-relief in the pediment; and, from the appearance of nails to fasten it, it was probably of bronze. Some fragments of a horse and car, discovered near the portico, confirm this idea. The ascent to the portico was formerly by seven steps,

PANTHEON.

but is now only by two. L. Fauno, who wrote in 1548, says, that in his time, the entrance was by a *descent* of many steps, which was owing to the accumulation of soil from the ruin of neighbouring buildings. It was Alexander VII. who cleared this away, and made the entrance as it is at present."

" Of the sixteen pillars which support the portico, eight are ranged in front, and the other eight in two rows behind. Thirteen of them occupy their original position, and three are restorations. ' If the columns are not all mathematically equal,' says Mr. Forsyth, ' yet, inequalities which nothing but measurement can detect, are not faults to the eye, which is sole judge. But the portal is more than faultless: it is *positively* the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little architecture.'

" The marble coating, which once covered what is now naked brick-work, is gone—nobody knows where; and the bare walls and naked roof add to the grandeur of the edifice something of the melancholy of a ruin. The ceiling of the portico was of gilt bronze. How this was disposed, is a question which has been much agitated: the probable opinion is, that it formed a panelled vault over each division. Urban VIII. took away this bronze (then, as it appears, in a very decayed state), formed from it the four twisted columns which support the canopy over the high altar of Saint

PANTHEON.

Peter's, and cast several cannon from the remainder. The marble doorway corresponds, both internally and externally, to the architecture of the portico, and not to that of the Pantheon itself: the opening is about 19 feet wide, and 38 feet high. Within this are pilasters of bronze, which form the actual doorway. On this hang magnificent doors, also of bronze; and over them is a grating of the same metal. All these evidently belong to each other, and probably to the place where they are fixed; though it has been said, that the original ones were carried away by Genseric, and that these were supplied from some other edifice."

" It is remarkable, that the original design of the edifice, the etymology of the name—every thing relating to its early architecture—should be involved in uncertainty. It is generally supposed to have been erected by Agrippa, B.C. 26, in honour of Augustus's victory over Antony, and was dedicated, as Pliny asserts, to *Jupiter Ultor*. But was this Rotonda the Pantheon so dedicated? In the construction of a temple, the external effect was chiefly studied; whereas that of the Rotonda is, separate from the portico, unimpressive; and although the rough brick-work was probably covered in some way, conjecture only can supply, and that not without difficulty, an ornamental elevation. On the other hand, ' detach the known additions, the portal, the columns, the altars—strip the immense

PANTHEON.

cylinder and its niches of their present ornaments ; and you will then,' remarks Forsyth, ' arrive at the exact form of the *caldaria* now existing in Rome.' That this ' glorious combination of beauty and magnificence' was raised simply as a bath—a temple of luxury, not of superstition—has, however, been deemed a supposition utterly inadmissible. Yet, the *thermae* of the Romans vied with their most magnificent temples ; and the Baptisteries of the Roman Church were probably ancient baths.

“ Whatever was its original purpose, it would seem certain that it has been a temple, and since then has served alternately as a fortress and a church. The Emperor Phocas made a present of this edifice to Pope Boniface IV. (A.D. 607), who, having removed thither twenty-eight cart-loads of the relics of martyrs, dedicated it to the Virgin and All Martyrs. In 830, Gregory IV. changed the style to ‘ All Saints ;’ and upon this occasion, the festival of All Saints was introduced into the Calendar. It still bears the name, however, of *Sta. Maria ad Martires*, though more commonly called simply *La Rotonda*. The fame of a miraculous image, a ‘ dirty cobweb-covered block preferred into divinity,’ has lately crowded this church with devotees, at the expense of its pavement. The busts of Raffael, Annibal Caracci, Pieria del Vaga, Zuccari, Metastasio, and other great men, artists and authors, have found a place here, in somewhat incongruous assortment.”—*Conder's Italy.*

PANTHEON.

The interior, since its consecration as a Christian church, has been fitted up with altars ; the chief of these is sacred to the Virgin—the others to different saints. Besides the busts which have been placed here, the altars have been occasionally used for the public exposition of any large pictures of sacred subjects. The author, after much negotiation, was permitted to exhibit over one of them a picture which he painted in the year 1822 at Rome, of “ The Vision of the Chariots to the Prophet Zachariah :” it was the first work, of the class, the production of a heretic allowed to be shewn there. The fees, however, were numerous; and the cloth, which was festooned round the picture to serve as a frame or border, was *required* to be large enough to conceal the altar entirely, *because* the drapery was the *perquisite* of the sacristan !

After Raphael’s death his mortal remains were exposed for three days previous to his interment ; with his last, but then unfinished, work, the Transfiguration, placed above him. Here, too, he was buried ; but no memorial marked his grave, though the stone was shewn beneath which it was thought he reposed. His bust had been put upon a pedestal in a neighbouring recess ; but it was so beautiful, that some turned to it, preferring to offer their devotions there, rather than to the ugly and tinselled Virgin and Saints in the niches. The bust was, in consequence of this mistake, which

PANTHEON.

was considered a scandal to the Catholic church ! removed in 1820.

The following particulars of a recent communication by Signor Nibby, the Roman antiquary, to M. Quatremère de Quincy, secretary to the Institute of France, is one of great interest as connected with the Pantheon: it is upon the discovery of Raphael's grave in this temple; and the exhumation, for a time, of the remains of the "Prince of Painters," which are now again restored to his honoured resting-place:—

" It is well known," says M. Nibby, " that the Academy of St. Luke, as the academy of painting at Rome is called, has been for a century in the habit of shewing a skull, which they pretended to be that of Raphael. The circumstance of the Academy's possessing it was explained by saying, that when Carlo Maratti employed Nardini to produce a bust of the artist for the Pantheon, he had contrived to open the tomb of the great artist, and extract the skull, to serve as a model for the sculptor's labours. Considerable doubts, however, were cast on the authenticity of the skull; and an authentic document, discovered about two years back, clearly proved the cranium to have belonged not to Raphael, but to Don Desiderio de Adintorlo, founder of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon in 1542. This Society, in consequence, claimed the head of its founder from the

PANTHEON.

Academy of St. Luke, which indignantly resisted the claim, and upheld the skull in its possession to have been veritably that of Raphael. The Society of Virtuosi, after some delay and consideration, summoned the chief members of the Painting Academy, to aid in a search after the tomb and remains of Raphael d'Urbino. Taking as their guide the descriptions given by Vasari, in his "Lives of Raffaello and Lorenzetto," the commission of research began their explorations by excavating the earth under the statue of the Virgin in the Pantheon. Nor was it long before they were stopped by a piece of masonry, in the form of a grave. Sinking through this for about a foot and a half, they found a void; and supposing, with justice, this to be the depository which they sought, it was opened in all solemnity, before the chief magistrates and personages of Rome. When the surface was cleared, a coffin displayed itself, with a skeleton extended within, covered over with a slight coat of dust and rubbish, formed in part by the garments, and the lid of the coffin, that had mouldered. It was evident that the tomb had never been opened, and, consequently, that the skull possessed and shewn by the Academy of St. Luke was spurious.* But the dispute was forgotten in the in-

* To the horror of the phrenologists! who had found every indication of Raphael's talents in the skull, which was very peculiar in form, now proved to be *not his*, but that of a man who had no

PANTHEON.

terest and enthusiasm excited by the discovery of the true and entire remains. The first care was, to gather up the dust and the skeleton, in order to their being replaced in a new mausoleum. Amid the mouldering fragments of the coffin, which was of pine-wood, and adorned with paintings, were found a *stelletta* of iron, being a kind of spur, with which Raphael had been decorated by Leo X., some buttons, and *fibulæ*. Pieces of the argil of the Tiber shewed that the waters of the river had penetrated into the tomb. The sepulchre had, nevertheless, been carefully built up — the chief cause of the good state of preservation in which the skeleton was found. On the 15th of September the surgeons proceeded to examine the skeleton, which was declared to be of the masculine sex, and of small dimensions, measuring seven palms, five inches, and three minutes (five feet, two inches, three lines French measure).* In the skull, which has been moulded, may be traced the lineaments of Raphael's head, as painted in his School of Athens. The neck was found to be long, the arm and breast delicate, the hollow of the right arm marked by the *apophyse*, a projection of a bone, caused by incessant working with the pencil.

talents to distinguish him as a *painter*. We shall soon see their ingenuity exercised in discovering evidence of the *same* talents in the skull of Raphael, *malgré* any difference of form; and thus they call “the science! of phrenology!!”

* About five feet seven inches English.

PANTHEON.

The limbs were stout in appearance ; and, strange to say, the larynx was intact and still flexible. The Marquis Biondi, president of the Archæological Society, enumerated the proofs and circumstances, shewing this to be the tomb and body of Raphael, in the presence of all the learned and celebrated in Rome. He asked, was there a doubt in any one's mind as to their identity ? Not one was found to question it. In the disposing of the remains, the will of Raphael was consulted, and his wishes again followed. They are to be replaced in a leaden coffin, and more solidly entombed in the same spot where they were found. From the 20th to the 24th, the remains were exposed to the Roman public, whose enthusiasm and tears may be imagined by those who know them. The 18th of October, 1833," adds Nibby, " is fixed for the day of the great artist's second funeral, on which occasion the Pantheon will be brilliantly illuminated."



Dr. Wm. Brewster

President

S. T. Coleridge

S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

From a Drawing by Wivell.

“ Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still, obscurity! a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a Pixy^{*} for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.
So well the subject suits his lofty mind,
He brays the laureat of the long-ear’d kind.”

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

“ *Unjust*” was written by Lord Byron, in 1816, against this passage in his own copy; and in a letter to Mr. Coleridge, dated in 1816, he writes:—“ You mention my ‘ Satire,’ lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since; more particularly as all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently

* A note of Lord Byron’s has—“ Pixies, *i. e.* Devonshire fairies;” but in that county they are called “ Piskeys.”

S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

my acquaintances, and some of them my friends ; which is ‘heaping fire upon an enemy’s head,’ and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough ; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks.”

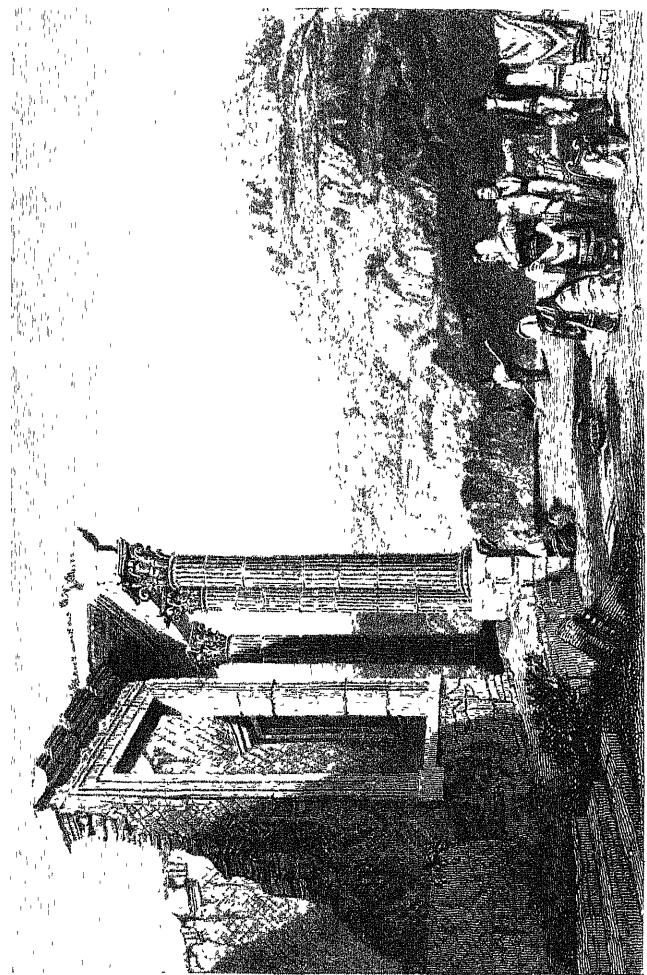
Many proofs of a kind feeling towards Mr. Coleridge is shewn in Byron’s “Life and Works.” In a letter to Mr. Harness, dated December 17, 1811, he says:—“To-morrow I dine with Rogers, and am to hear Coleridge, who is a kind of rage at present.” This, probably, was their first meeting. During the time that Lord Byron was on the Committee at Drury Lane, he exerted the influence he had there to bring forward Coleridge’s tragedy ; and again, in writing to Moore, he entreats his interest in Coleridge’s favour by the following request:—“By the way, if poor C***e,—who is a man of wonderful talent, and in distress, and about to publish two volumes of Poesy and Biography, and who has been worse used by the critics than ever we were,—will you, if he comes out, promise me to review him favourably in the E. R.? Praise him, I think, you must; but you will also praise him *well*—of all things the most difficult: it will be the making of him.”

S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

“ This must be a secret between you and me, as Jeffrey might not like such a project;—nor, indeed, might C. himself like it. But I do think ‘he only wants a pioneer, and a sparkle or two, to explode most gloriously.’ ”

Whatever may have been the effect of the request, the “ Edinburgh Review ” was not very tender upon Coleridge’s poem of “ Christabel,”—a work which Byron not only praised, but, struck with the rambling wildness of its versification, imitated. He said of it:—“ Christabel—I won’t have any one sneer at Christabel; it is a fine, wild poem.” And in acknowledging the accidental resemblance to a passage in “ Christabel,” he calls it, “ that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem.”

It was not, however, by speaking well of Coleridge’s works only, or getting others to praise them, that Lord Byron most essentially served him; for, in the midst of his own embarrassments, he found means to prove, by what the world receives as the best evidence, that his friendship to Coleridge was not a mere profession.



TEMPLE OF VESTA,

TIVOLI.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.

THIS view is taken from the mass of tufo upon which the Temple is erected. The grotto of Neptune, the profound caverns below the Ponte Lupo, and the deep bed of the Anio, where it escapes from these caverns, lie between the mountains here seen and the rocks upon which this Temple and that of the Sibyl, concealed by it, are built. Few spots are more striking than the platform of the Temple of Vesta: the scene around and *beneath* the spectator is at once sublime and beautiful.



FRASCATI.

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding.

“ I have been riding my saddle-horses every day ; and been to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount ; and to Frascati, Aricia, &c. with an &c. &c. &c. about the city, and in the city : for all which—vide ‘ Guide-Book.’ ”

Lord Byron’s Letter to Mr. Murray, No. 278.

THE “ Guide-Book ” says, that Frascati is a little town four leagues from Rome, and that it was anciently celebrated under the name of Tusculum ; built half-way up a rather high mountain, for which reason Horace has given it the name of *Supernum*. Tusculum existed even before Rome. Here Tarquin retired after his expulsion from Rome. This ancient town refused a passage to Hannibal ; and when the Romans took possession of it, they built a great number of villas. Subsequently it was possessed by the Goths ; after whom came the Popes, who made it the place of their retirement. This raised the jealousy of the Romans, who attacked it in 1191, and rased it so entirely, that the inhabitants were obliged to shelter themselves in one

FRASCATI.

of its fauxbourgs—the present Frascati—where they lived, sheltered by huts made with the boughs of trees, whence Tusculum acquired the name of Frascati, from *frasche*, or boughs; in which they may also be said to live still,—for beautiful woods of arbutus, ilex, cypress, and stone-pine, shade the stately residences of Frascati. The town has 9000 inhabitants; and the most beautiful villas and seats surround it: these are built on the slope of the mountain, and enriched by gardens of vines and olives. From Frascati the whole campagna of Rome lies before the spectator, with the “Niobe of nations” in the distance, and, bounding the horizon, the Mediterranean, upon which the sparkling white of the sails of vessels can be seen.—So much for the “Guide-Book.”

Simond is not quite so favourable; he says that “Frascati is a cluster of modern villas, not more than two hundred years old,—which is modern for Italy, where nothing, or very little, has been built since that period. These villas might be taken for caricatures of the old-fashioned *gardeus* of the rest of Europe, and exaggerated on purpose to expose their bad taste; while, on the contrary, they are the models from which the Browns and the Reptons of the seventeenth century drew their plans. The first we saw, and the only one of which I shall say any thing, was the Villa Aldobrandini, in a beautiful situation of course, and shaded with

FRASCATI.

fine trees. Water in abundance ran down a flight of steps ; and this artificial cascade, seen from the hall of the palace, looked, I must say, coolness itself. Hundreds of hidden pipes, let off for strangers, squirted up in every direction. Pan played awkwardly on his reeds by water-machinery ; and another demi-god gave a blast through his cracked trumpet. In an adjoining grotto, Mount Parnassus, ten feet high, resounded with the music of Apollo's lyre out of tune, while leaden Muses danced with winged Pegasus, all by means of the same ingenious artifice. It is extraordinary that the republicans of 1798 should have forgotten to lay hands on all this aristocratic lead. In the house were some pictures, with trees like inverted brooms, which were shewn to us as Domenichino's : I hope, for his credit and for my own, they were not really his. Higher up in the mountain is the country-house lately inhabited by Lucian Buonaparte (La Ruffinella), and new-made by him in the inveterate old taste. It is supposed to be on the very site of Cicero's celebrated Tusculum Villa ; and half a mile above it we come to the ruins of ancient Tusculum."

It was at this villa of Lucian Buonaparte that the famous brigand adventure, so well known, occurred ; when a painter on a visit to Lucian was taken by the banditti, in error, for the prince himself.



LICENZA.

From a Drawing by J. D. Harding.

“ I WAS delighted with Rome, and was on horseback all round it many hours daily, besides in it the rest of my time, bothering over its marvels. I excursed and skirted the country round to Alba, Tivoli, Frascati, Licenza, &c.” Lord Byron thus mentions Licenza as one of the scenes in the neighbourhood of Rome visited by him during his sojourn in the Eternal City.

It is a village in the Sabine mountains, about thirty-four miles from Rome. The chief object which travellers have in visiting Licenza, is to examine the site of Horace’s villa, and the country which he has described as surrounding it. From many passages in his works, and particularly in his seventh Ode, it was supposed that he had but one villa, and that at Tivoli. What favoured this view was, that the river Anio formed the frontier of the Sabine country ; so that his Sabine farm might as well have been at Tivoli as nine miles further up the river ; it would still have been his Sabine farm. But the question is now set at rest : De Sancti has proved that Horace’s Sabine

LICENZA.

farm was near the modern Licenza, close to a stream called the *Digetia*, eleven miles from Tivoli, and two from *Vico Varo*, which Horace alludes to in the fourteenth Epistle, under the name of *Varium*. In consequence of De Sanctis' researches, excavations were made at Licenza, and the mosaic pavement of a villa discovered. Several springs in the immediate neighbourhood now divide the name and honours of the fountain of *Blandusia*.

Monte Libretti, in the view, was the ancient Mount *Lucretilis*; and the Temple of Vacuna was on the present *Rocca Giovane*.



M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

From a Drawing by Harlowe.

“ Oh ! wonder-working Lewis, monk or bard,
Who fain wouldest make Parnassus a churchyard !
Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow —
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo’s sexton thou !
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak’st thy stand,
By gibb’ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age —
All hail M.P. ! from whose infernal brain,
Thin, sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;
At whose command “ grim women ” throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With small gray men, “ wild yagers,” and what not,
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott.
Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease.”

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

THE wild and imaginative stories in prose and verse written by Mr. Lewis, and which sprung from a mind tutored in the German school, were, in their day,

M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

extremely popular ; and the notoriety of the author gave him a place in “ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers : ” but it is remarkable, that, with one striking exception, nearly all the persons introduced into that celebrated satire of Lord Byron afterwards became his friends, and among them Matthew Gregory Lewis, Esq.—a gentleman who was known, when very young, in the literary world as the author of “ Tales of Terror,” the “ Castle Spectre,” the “ Bravo of Venice,” and who latterly obtained the dishonourable cognomination of *Monk* Lewis, from a work he published under the title of “ The Monk,” and which drew down upon him the deserved and indignant reprehension of the serious world.

The period in which Lewis flourished was fortunate for the distinctions he received as a literary man ; earlier or later, his powers, which were of a mediocre order, would have scarcely been noticed. The “ Bravo of Venice” is a tale of great interest, written with much spirit ; but it is little more than a translation from Zschokke. Byron met Lewis in the best circles, to which he had long had access. “ Lewis,” says the editor of Byron’s works, “ was for several years the fashionable versifier of his time ; but his plagiarisms, perhaps more audacious than had ever before been resorted to by a man of real talents, were by degrees unveiled, and writers of greater original genius, as well as of

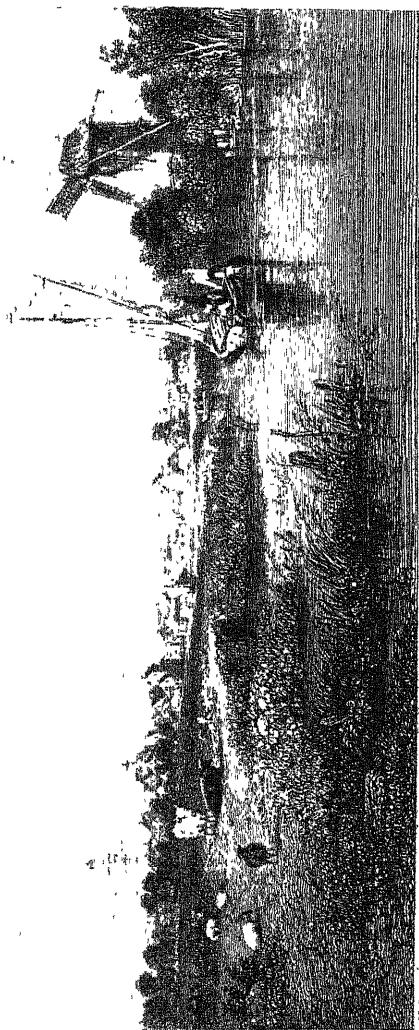
M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

purer taste and morals, successively emerging, *Monk Lewis*, dying young, had already outlived his reputation. In society he was to the last a favourite; and Lord Byron, who had become well acquainted with him during his experience of London life, in his ‘*Detached Thoughts*’ thus notices his death, which occurred at sea in 1818:—

“‘ Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore: my only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially—Madame de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was a jewel of a man had he been better set—I do not mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*—for he was tedious and contradictory to every thing and every body. Being short-sighted, when we used to ride out together near the Brenta, in the twilight of summer, he made me go *before* to pilot him. I am absent at times, especially towards evening; and the consequence of this pilotage was some narrow escapes to the monk on horseback. Once I led him *into* a ditch, over which I had passed as usual, forgetting to warn my convoy; once I led him nearly into the river, instead of *on* the *movable* bridge, which *incommodes* passengers; and twice did we both run against the diligence, which, being heavy and slow, did communicate less damage than it received in its leaders, who were *terrified* by the charge; thrice did

M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

I lose him in the grey of the gloaming, and was obliged to bring-to to his distant signals of distance and distress. All the time he went on talking without intermission, for he was a man of many words. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica.’”



THE HAGUE.

From a Drawing by T. S. Cooper.

“ ‘ Orange Boven !’ so the bees have expelled the bear that broke open their hive. Well—if we are to have new De Witts and De Ruyters, God speed the little republic ! I should like to see the Hague and the village of Broek, where they have such primitive habits. Yet I don’t know ; their canals would cut a poor figure by the memory of the Bosphorus ; and the Zuyder Zee look awkwardly after ‘ Ak-Denizi.’ ”

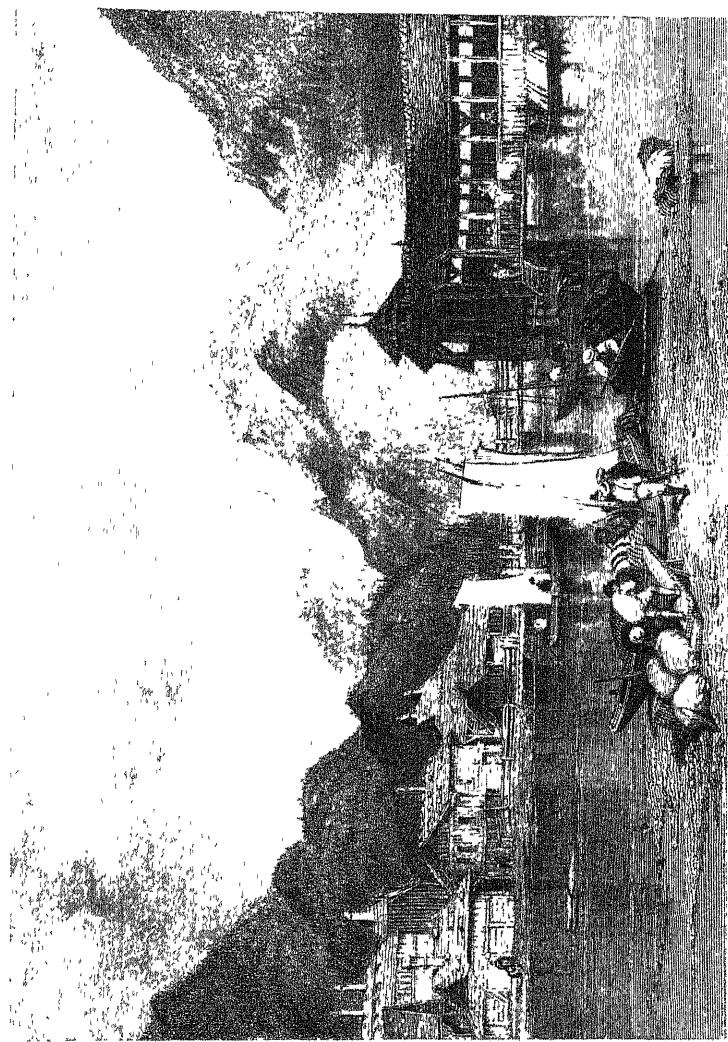
Byron’s Journal, Nov. 22, 1813.

THE Hague is a well-built, handsome, and—what is common in Holland—clean town, containing between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants ; but, what is unusual in Holland, having about it rather an air of fashion than of business. This arises from its being the usual place of residence of the court : it was so under the old stadholder ; but since the monarchy has succeeded a republic, its gaieties have increased, as the presence of the royal family is always accompanied by numerous employés, foreign and domestic. It is a delightful place of residence to those who think canals, windmills, and pollard willows, picturesque objects ;

THE HAGUE.

and that hills are more fatiguing than agreeable. There are in it, however, libraries, museums, and collections of pictures, though the finest of these have been removed to Amsterdam; and about it, some villas and pleasure-houses, parks and gardens, beautiful — as Dutch. Still the Hague is enjoyable for a short visit; and Holland, whatever may be the character of the country, is always interesting to those who consider that

“ The proper study of mankind is man.”



INTERLACHEN.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ Left Thoun in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine. Rocks down to the water’s edge. Landed at Newhaus; passed Interlachen; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception.”

Byron’s Journal, 1816.

INTERLACHEN is a beautiful village, not far from Unterseen, and lying between the two lakes of Thun and Brienz; and if a fashionable term, perfectly understood in London, were applied to it, it might be called, in relation to Unterseen, and disregarding the geographical anomaly—the *West End*. It is a delightful spot for a summer residence; there are excellent inns and boarding-houses, of which many English families avail themselves to make this spot head-quarters; and whenever the beauty of the weather tempts them to excursions in the valleys and mountains which surround them, they start on such journeys under the favourable circumstance of convenient proximity to the objects of their visits.

INTERLACHEN.

Interlachen has, within a few years, so changed its aspect, that it has become rather an English than a Swiss village—even the Swiss cottage has lost here its peculiar character: the wooden houses, curiously carved with quotations from the Scriptures running the whole length of the front, the sloped enormous roof and small windows, have disappeared, and the houses have now rather the appearance of those smart, English, comfortable country-residences which bear the humble name of cottage, than of the Swiss habitation. Here are reading-rooms, the newspapers, billiards, and excellent tables-d'hôte, provided, and the charges are very moderate.

There is a beautiful look-out point of view about twenty minutes' walk from Interlachen, called Höhebühl, which every traveller should visit: it commands a prospect of the village, the two lakes, the valley of the Lutchine, leading to Lauterbrunn and Grindewald, and the glorious surmounting mass of the Jungfrau. Lord Byron ascended this valley to Lauterbrunn, and crossed by the Little Scheidegg, or Wengern Alp, to Grindewald: the notes which he made were rapid; but to the impressions derived from this journey may be traced all the magnificent descriptions of the Alps which he has given in “*Manfred*.”

Near the entrance of the valley of the Lutchine are the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, now pointed out

INTERLACHEN.

to travellers, with a new claim to interest, as the castle of Manfred. This association with the poetry of Byron has obscured the realities of its history in the eventful periods of the struggles of the Swiss for liberty in the fourteenth century. The knoll on which the ruins of the castle stand, and the surrounding valley, are richly wooded. The square structure of the principal building, now falling to rapid decay, is partly concealed by the trees and woods which surround it, from the observation of the traveller who passes through the valley below.



GRINDENWALD.

From a Drawing by T. S. Cooper.

“ *Sept. 23.*—Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent (seven in the morning) again; the sun upon it, forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw any thing like this; it is only in the sunshine. Ascended the Wengen mountain; at noon reached a valley on the summit; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit, seven thousand feet (English feet) above the level of the *sea*, and about five thousand above the valley we left in the morning. On one side, our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d’Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant (the Kleine Eigher); and the Great Giant (the Grosse Eigher); and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, 11,000 above the valley; she is the highest of this range. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. From whence we stood on the Wengen Alp, we had all these in view on one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring-tide—it was

GRINDENWALD.

white, and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was (of course) not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular). Stayed a quarter of an hour; begun to descend; quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it.

“ Got down to our horses again; ate something; remounted; heard the avalanches still; came to a morass; Hobhouse dismounted, to get over well; I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up to the chin, and, of course, he and I were in the mud together, bemired, but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Arrived at the Grindenwald; dined; mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier—like *a frozen hurricane*. Starlight, beautiful; but a devil a path! Never mind, got safe in. A little lightning; but the whole of the day as fine, in point of weather, as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed *whole woods of withered pines, all withered*; trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter: their appearance reminded me of me and my family.”

Extract from Byron's Journal, 1816.

THESE notes were made on the day when Byron and his friend Mr. Hobhouse crossed the Wengern Alps, in their excursion in the Oberland Bernois; and

GRINDENWALD.

there are few routes in the Alps in which, within a day's visit and observation, so much of the magnificence of Alpine nature can be seen. It is rare that travellers cross this pass without hearing, and generally seeing, the fall of avalanches ; these are occasioned by the disruption of the glaciers—millions of tons—enormous masses which, by submelting, lose their support, and fall over into the ravines below. First, a sound like distant thunder is heard, and then the eye probably catches the cause—the broken ice forcing its way down the slopes, and falling over immense cliffs ; with the appearance and sound of a stupendous cataract ; it reaches its height of violence, and then subsides again, until other masses detach themselves, and reproduce these awful effects. So impalpably fine is the ice broken by the quantity commingling from such depths of fall, that clouds of ice-dust, as fine as steam, rise, and for a time float above the abyss—actually clouds of ice—that differ not in appearance from the vaporous clouds which are often seen at the same time above and around the observer.

There are two distinct glaciers which descend into the Grindenwald, from the ravines of the Finster-aar-horn, and other lofty masses of the Bernese Alps ; the bases of these glaciers are of such easy access as to make those of Grindenwald better known than any other in the chain ; and the upper glacier, that which

GRINDENWALD.

appears on the left of the view, is particularly beautiful. Little idea can be formed of its magnitude, until the visiter walks about amongst the masses of which it is composed, or enters the caverns of ice, where fractures or meltings allow of such examination ; there he will receive such impressions of its character, its vastness, and its colour, as he can never lose : this latter quality is more beautiful than can be imagined, for on looking into a cavern, or down an abyss, the tint passes from the most delicate azure, upon the parts nearest to the light, to the most intense ultra-marine in the unilluminated depths of the crevices.

LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

From a Portrait by Gerard.

“ Rousseau—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and de Staël—
Leman ! these names are worthy of thy shore—
Thy shore of names like these ! wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall ;
To them thy banks were lovely, as to all.
But they have made them lovelier—for the love
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by *thee*,
How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real !

Sonnet to Lake Leman.

IN the years 1813, 14, Madame de Staël was in England. Byron had been for some time the *lion* of fashionable society ; it was now the turn of Corinne to “ be exhibited.” They were often brought together ; and the numerous notices left by him upon her appearance, her conduct, and her opinions, present—with much that is amusing—such a medley of remarks,

LA BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

as left it uncertain, until his tribute to her memory appeared, in the note to the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," whether he feared, envied, admired, or respected her. The following are some of his desultory notices of this lady:—

"The Staël last night attacked me most furiously — said I had no right to make love — that I had used * * * * barbarously — that I had no feeling, and was totally *insensible* to *la belle passion*, and *had* been all my life." — — "Mad. de Staël Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonaded by a vile Teutonic adjutant — kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhausen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could — write an *Essay* upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance, and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event, but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation." — — "To-day I dine with Mrs. *Stale*, as John Bull may be pleased to denominate Corinne, whom I saw last night at Covent Garden, yawning over the humour of Falstaff." — — "To-day received Lord Jersey's invitation to Middleton — to travel sixty miles to meet Madame —. I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octavos, and *talks* folios. I have read her books — like most of

LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

them, and delight in the last; so I won't hear it as well as read."

In explanation of that line in the "Bride of Abydos":—

"The mind, the music breathing from her face,"

he added a note, referring to Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne," which she acknowledged, in what Byron calls a "very pretty billet. She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes. I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight and so is she herself, for—half an hour. I don't like her politics—at least her *having changed* them: had she been *qualis ab incerto*, it were nothing; but she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually: she ought to have been a man. She *flatters* me very prettily in her note;—but I *know* it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that though untrue, it shews one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie to make us their friend;—that is their concern."——"Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Staël—asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief, to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it; she always talks of *myself* or *her*—

LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

self; and I am not (except in soliloquy as now), much enamoured of either subject—especially one's works. What the devil shall I say about ‘*De l'Allemagne*?’ I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, &c. &c.”

This invitation gave her occasion to express her gratification again upon the prospect of meeting him, which she did in another note. “She has written, I daresay,” says Byron, “twenty such this morning to different people, all equally flattering to each. So much the better for her and those who believe all she wishes them, or they wish to believe. She has been pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to ‘*The Bride*.’ This is to be accounted for in several ways: firstly, all women like all or any praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives praised by regular critics like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason after all, and, perhaps, the only one.” They met at Lord Holland’s. “The Staël,” says Byron, “was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now

LA BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

very good friends ; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any *bonhommie*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. ‘*c'est un démon.*’ True enough, but rather premature ; for *she* could not have found it out, and so—she wants me to dine there next Sunday.” — “More notes from Madame de Staël unanswered—and so they shall remain. I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry.” — To Murray he says : “I do not love Madame de Staël ; but, depend upon it, she beats all your natives hollow as an authoress, in my opinion ; and I would not say this if I could help it.” In his *Memoranda*, he mentions having seen Curran presented at Sir J. Mackintosh’s to Madame de Staël : “It was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone ; and they were both so d—d ugly, that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences.” In another place, however, he is less ungallant in his description of the lady : “Her figure was not bad ; her legs tolerable ; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul, and so forth. She would have made a great man.”

On Byron’s departure from England, and residence

LA BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

in 1816 at Diodati, he paid frequent visits to Coppet, the residence of Madame de Staël. “ She has made Coppet,” he says, “ as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth.” He paid a visit there in the month of July, and was received by the distinguished hostess with a cordiality that was most sensibly felt by him, conscious as he was of being under the ban of unpopularity. With great frankness and kindness she entered upon his domestic affairs, and persuaded him to make another attempt at reconciliation with Lady Byron. He yielded to her suggestions, but fruitlessly. The amiable reception which she gave him at Coppet evidently removed many of his prejudices against her. He says: “ She was very kind to me at Coppet—she was a good woman at heart, and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable ; in any other person’s, you wished her gone, and in her own again.”

Upon hearing of her death, whilst he was at Venice, he commences a letter to Mr. Murray with—“ I have been very sorry to hear of the death of Madame de Staël, not only because she had been very kind to me at Coppet, but because I can now never requite her. In a general point of view, she will leave a great gap in society and literature.” — In a copy of “ Corinne,” belonging to the Countess Guiccioli, he

LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

wrote : “ I know Madame de Staël well—better than she knew Italy ; but I little thought that, one day, I should *think with her thoughts*, in the country where she has laid the scene of her most attractive productions. She is sometimes right, and often wrong, about Italy and England ; but almost always true in delineating the heart, which is of but one nation, and of no country—or rather of all.”

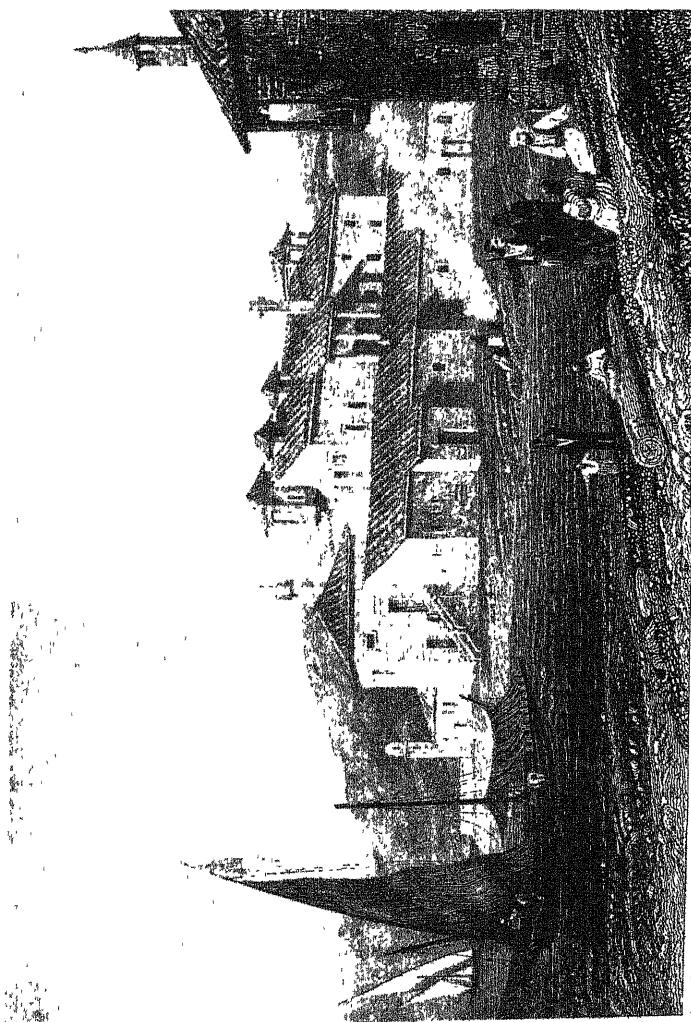
“ CORINNE is no more,” says Byron, beautifully apostrophising her character, in a note to ‘ Childe Harold ;’ “ and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbade the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a contemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist. The dead have no sex ; they can surprise by no new miracles ; they can confer no privilege: Corinne has ceased to be a woman—she is only an author: and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance

LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest posterity—for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend—will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice, of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and, from that superior sphere, shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of

LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends, and more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinne."



MISSOLONGHI.

Drawn by W. Purser.

THIS place will never be heard of or seen but with the most melancholy associations with the warrior poet, who, in the devotion of his fortune and his energies to the emancipation of Greece, found here a grave.

It was almost the first spot in Greece that he saw on his way to Prevesa, in 1809, with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, who says, in his “Travels in Albania:”— “Before sunset we had a view of the town of Messalonge, with a singular-looking double shore at the foot of the mountains, rising one above the other as far as the eye could reach, which is, indeed, the appearance of all the country to be seen to the north of the gulf of Lepanto.” With how little of the anticipation of the fatalities yet to be associated with this spot did the friends contemplate the scene before them!

On their return from the court of Ali Pacha, through Etolia, they arrived at Missolonghi, and stayed two nights. The situation of the town is described by Mr. Hobhouse as “on the south-east side of a salt marsh,

MISSOLONGHI.

or shallow, that extends two or three miles into the land below Natolico, and six miles about, beyond Messalonge itself, into the gulf of Lepanto." The swampy nature of the detestable country around this fatal spot, so productive of malaria, was one of the causes of the event which, fifteen years after, left Byron's heart cold in that country for which it had beat with such noble ardour.

After the breaking out of the Greek revolution, which began in 1821 at Patrass, it was continued with various success. In October 1822, Missolonghi was invested with a force of 12,000 men by Omar Vrione; but the siege was raised, after a gallant defence by Mavrocordato, and the besieging army dispersed. In August 1823, another was formed of 10,000 Albanians, under Isouf Pacha, which deserted its commandor before it could be effectually brought into action, owing, it was supposed, to the intrigues of Vrione, who, having failed himself, was jealous of Isouf. A third army, however, was raised, under the command of Mustafa, Pacha of Scutari, amounting to 15,000 men, which on the 2d of October invested Missolonghi by land, whilst Isouf Pacha blockaded it by sea. Yet, with only 3000 men for the defence of its miserable walls, it was gallantly defended; and this army also retired disgracefully the first week in December, leaving the town blockaded by the Turkish fleet.

MISSOLONGHI.

On the 29th of December Lord Byron reached Missolonghi; having been detained by adverse winds for several days, and at last effected his landing there, in spite of the blockade, his own vessel getting in safely, while that on board of which his servants and baggage had embarked was captured, though afterwards released. On his landing he was received with all kindness and honour; and he immediately began to organise a body of Suliotes, who had quitted Cephalonia to enter his service, of whom he had taken about 500 men into pay. The fatal disputes of these Suliotes with the citizens, and the jealousies of the Greek chiefs, who, with the exception of Mavrocordato, displayed little gratitude or respect towards Lord Byron, were sources of annoyance to him. They were men who, in their own petty squabbles for power, forgot the interests of their country and their country's friends; but, with firmness and temper and enthusiasm, Byron slackened not in his energies for the deliverance of the country to which he had devoted himself. These troubles, however, lessened his hopes of that success he so thirsted after, and, harassing a mind like his, began to affect his health; the climate increased the evil; and that these had created some presentiment of his fate, those beautiful lines,

“ ‘Tis time this heart should be unmoved,”
the last that he wrote, and on his last birth-day,
January 22d, bear melancholy testimony.

MISSOLONGHI.

The details of his last days, given in Moore's "Life," have the most intense interest. He had been attacked in February with an epileptic fit, from the effects of which he had not recovered when an inflammation followed, which, after an illness of twelve days, removed from all earthly pain and anxiety the "Pilgrim of Eternity."

After the death of Lord Byron, the struggles in Greece still continued, and Missolonghi was bravely defended above two years longer. At length Ibrahim Pacha, with an army of Arabs, and the fleet and soldiers of the Capoudan Pacha, bombarded the place, and so effectually blockaded it, that the wretched inhabitants made a sortie, not to fight, but to escape, and a horrible slaughter was the consequence. Missolonghi was sacked by the Arabs, or rather all that remained of it; for when the consul for the Morea, Mr. Green, visited it after it was taken, it was, with the exception of about twenty of the houses, a heap of ruins; but that in which Lord Byron died had escaped destruction.

THE END.

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